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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XIV.

CHIP SEES HER MOTHER IN HER DELIRIUM.

Kitty, self-condemned for her conduct of the previous night, sat on the bedside where lay poor Chip, flushed with fever. She had helped her sister put the room to rights, and cleared a space around the sick bed. Chip lay with both hands thrown back, bare to the shoulders. Her hair hanging in tangled masses around her face, gleamed in a line of sun-light that came through the tattered curtain. Her eyes glittered and swam as if in liquid fire, and her lips of a dry, angry red, clave close to her teeth as she feebly moaned for drink.

"Poor young 'un," exclaimed the benevolent Snackskin, standing at the foot of the bed and gazing compassionately on the child, "looks if she'd got her death-warrant; poor little young 'un, what is she talking about, you Kit?"

"She wants some drink," responded Kitty, looking very much as if she would like to get away from her charge.

"Well, she shall have it, so she shall. Lift her up, Kit, there; here's a nice bowlful of good strong coffee, nice and hot—drink, little gal."

Chip, in her feverish thirst, grasped both sides of the bowl with both hands, and sucked down the beverage, strong and hot as it was; then with a look of gratitude she fell back on the bed.

"Now just set and take good care of her, you Kit; tell her stories, and kinder lift her mind off of her feelings, and she'll be up by and by, fresh and hearty as ever. Don't you leave her now, you hear! I'm going pretty soon with the hands, and your mother, she ain't got nothing to do, on'y to do every thing generally, so you must take care of the poor little gal; now, mind."

He went down stairs and out to the barn without saying anything to his wife. Kitty, already tired of her irksome employment, crept to the window, and watched till she saw the farm-hands go off with him to the fields, then she muttered to herself that she wasn't going to wait upon a beggar, and slyly left the room.

Chip lifted her head with an effort; it burned and throbbed, and seemed to bound back and forth on the pillow with the fierce rush of blood through its arteries. She was all alone. The sunlight quivered through the narrow casement, but it did not light up the gloomy chamber with its many corners. The garments that hung against the wall moved strangely and solemnly to the child's excited fancy, and she moaned the name of Mother Kurstegan; even her presence had been welcome in this dreary hour. Once or twice she attempted to rise, but a strange, sickening sensation held her back, pinioned to the bed. And then she began to talk; she was in her cave-home, playing with the rude toys the Indian woman had fashioned for her—she listened to wild stories of demons and cruel beasts conjured by the weird brain of insanity; she lived over again the scenes of her departure from the only home she had ever known, and prattled of the beautiful sights she should soon see. Hour after hour passed and she was still alone; noon came, and the kind-hearted teamster ascended again to the little attic, and found her raving and laughing and shouting. He went down stairs instantly, and taking Kitty, who had totally forgotten her charge, by the arm, he shook her till she was red in the face; then turning to his wife, he exclaimed,

"I tell you what, old woman! you'll have the death of that poor child on your soul yet; are you a heathen to let her lay sick as a dog all alone?"

"Mercy on us, Hiram Snackskin, what is the child to me? I havn't got any children of my own—nothing to do all day but watch a strange gal because she's took a little cold. I thought one of the children was there. Ain't you going to eat your dinner?"

"Dinner be hanged! children be hanged! Bob, go and tackle up the colt; I'll have a doctor, if I have to go five miles for him, and give him five dollars beside. I tell you, Nancy, that's a sick child, and you ain't got any feeling for the poor little thing——Drony, hand me them boots."

"I'd like to know what makes you take to the child so, anyhow, Hiram Snackskin!" exclaimed the matron, with flashing eyes; "you ain't over much tender of your own, anyhow."

"Why, bless your sperrit, soul and body, woman!" ejaculated the farmer, fiercely, pausing with his leg half way in his boot, "do I want a human critter to die under my roof like a dog, nobody a seeing to her, and she a raving with a fever? No, I'll be blistered if I do; ready, Bob; now," he added, with a quiet irony, "you all set down and eat your dinners, comfortable, while she's up there dying, I'll see to her," and he was gone.

Mrs. Snackskin passed her hand across her eyes, but whether the tears were of grief or jealousy, it is impossible for me to tell. She could not eat, however, nor even sit down; but leaving the table in charge of her oldest daughter, she crept up stairs, conscience-smitten. As she entered the attic chamber, Chip was standing upright in her bed, her slight robe fallen from her shoulders, her hands upraised, her eyes fastened upon the wall, dilated, and shining brighter than all human brilliancy, while from her parched lips came the words, "Mother, mother, take me too—me too," and then, the spell broken, she sank down cowering, shivering and sobbing.

"She saw something," said the farmer's wife under her breath, and subdued, awe-stricken, she hurried to the bed-side, and spoke motherly, soothing words. But Chip heard her not; her eyes were wild and glassy, her strength was gone, her breath came short and hot.

"Dear knows what I'm to do with her," murmured Mrs. Snackskin; "I wish I'd a thought more about her. She's been alone, poor thing!" and she shuddered as she thought of it. "Sissy, sissy," and she endeavored by endearing words to catch her attention, but in vain, the child had not strength to turn or even to look.

"What if her dead mother's bin a watching of her all this time," soliloquized the farmer's wife, gazing about the chamber with a fearful air, "I've heered of such things; dear me, seems's if I'm almost afraid to stay. I guess I'll cover the child up and take her down stairs." So saying she threw a blanket over the unconscious Chip, and wended her way to the cheerful kitchen. A burst of rude laughter greeted her entrance, but when the children saw the serious face of their mother, and caught a glimpse of the now pallid cheeks of Chip, her head hanging listlessly, her eyes closed, and her form motionless, they were subdued to silence.

"Bob and Patty," said Mrs. Snackskin, "I want you to go up stairs and bring down Kitty's old crib; and, Drony, you go git some pillers and a quilt, and we'll fix the poor child by the fire."

"Why, mother," said Bob, "I thought you rather wanted her to die, and now you're fixing her up mighty nice, seems to me."

"You go do what I tell you, or I'll tell your father of you; come, move quick; you and your father, I do believe, think I ain't got nothing in the world to do; I shan't see the gal neglected though, some of you must take care of her."

The crib was brought and furnished, and Chip laid therein, silent, because exhausted.

In the midst of the noise, the odors of cooking, and the sounds of labor, the lonely child rested with scarcely a breath of life in her meagre body. Sometimes Kitty or Drony would venture near, take a peep, and then start fearfully back, resuming their noisy play. The matron alone manifested unusual anxiety by her looks, her frequent pauses, and her efforts to keep her large family quiet. At last, to her great relief, wheels were heard, then a stamping at the door, and presently in walked the farmer and the doctor.

CHAPTER XV.

CHIP FINDS ANOTHER HOME.

As the doctor and the good hearted Hiram Snackskin entered the kitchen, the latter cast a glance of pleased surprise toward his wife who was just then smoothing the pillow and the pale hair of the little girl. With a professional air, the doctor began his examination, first stating that the child was very sick, but as he gazed at the pallid creature he began to be more interested in her appearance.

"She has singular beauty," he remarked, turning to the farmer, "whose child is she?"

"That I don't know," replied Hiram, "I found her sitting like a little dummy by the side of the road, and as she looked scared, sorter, when I spoke to her, I thought maybe she was lost, so I ups with her inter the wagon and drives her home. She got frightened, poor thing, at the dog last night; 'cordin to her symptoms I sh'd think she hadn't never seen dogs nor no other human critters, but I don't know—she's a nice little thing, I guess."

"She is singularly lovely," repeated the doctor, pressing up the lid of her eye to look at the leaden ball underneath, "and she is very sick with brain-congestion; poor little creature; poor little thing!" he ejaculated, turning with a frown at the same time to the noisy youngsters, "she should be more quiet; this is no place for her."

"I'm sure I don't know where I can keep her," replied Mrs. Snackskin, peevishly.

"If there was any possibility of getting her home to my wife," mused the doctor, thoughtfully, standing with his finger on his lip. He was a stout, hearty, noble featured man, with a Roman nose, front-head very bald and shining, and a clear, gray eye. Casting a troubled glance upon the little patient, he reflected a moment, and then ejaculated, "I'll do it. She may die under the journey, but there is more chance for her there than here. My good madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Snackskin, "if you will wrap the poor child carefully up in blankets, and if you, sir, who seem to take so much interest in her, will lift her in your arms and get into my buggy, and let your boy drive your own wagon after, I think we can transport her safely to my house."

"That I'll do, or anything else for the poor thing, and thank you kindly, too," replied Hiram, while his wife, relieved of a great burden, hastened with rapid movement to envelope the child in blankets. This task done, the poor waif set out to find another home in what had hitherto proved to her so dreary a world.

"My dear, who do you think has been here?" asked the doctor's wife as he stepped within his own hall.

"I could hardly venture to guess," replied the doctor hurriedly.

"Mr. Le Vaugn, your old Philadelphia friend," returned his wife; "I tried hard to persuade him to remain till you came, but he would not; he was very much disappointed at your absence."

"Well, wife, I'll talk with you about it by and by; will you have a little bed prepared in your room? I have brought home a patient—a sick child."

Without troubling him with questions, the model wife of the good doctor hurried to execute his wishes, and in another minute the sick child was brought in, in the athletic arms of Hiram Snackskin, and placed upon a soft, white couch.

"Dear little angel," murmured the doctor's wife, "where did you find her? whose child is she? has she no mother?"

"I should say not," said Hiram, his eyes fastened to the sweet face. "I found her myself, mam, half perished, as I may say," he added—proud of his part in the transaction.

"She's very sick, Jenny; you'll have to burden yourself to care for her."

"It will be no burden to me, you know, doctor; but oh! how sick she is!" and she knelt down by the little couch with the tenderness of a mother, while the doctor went out with farmer Snackskin.

"And now, dear wife, let me hear about Le Vaugn," said the doctor, after he had attended to his little patient.

"First tell me; is this a dangerous case?" asked his wife, laying her hand tenderly on the brow of the unconscious child.

"Her pulse is fainter than it was, her hands colder; we must get some ice, wife; her head is *fearfully* hot. Yes, it is a very dangerous case; the symptoms are all unfavorable," replied the doctor, "but, perhaps with good nursing and with God's blessing, we may bring her through."

"I never saw so sweet a child," mused the doctor's wife, the tears brimming up to her eyes, "she makes me think of our own little Lena."

"To tell you the truth, the same thought struck me," said the doctor, and it was that resemblance about the lips and forehead that instigated me to bring her here."

"Shall we keep her if she lives?" the words were spoken low and tremulously, and the blue eyes with a tear in them, stole furtively towards the portrait of a sweet child that hung 'against the opposite wall.

"If it will please you, my love," he replied, then changing the subject, he asked about Le Vaugn again.

"He was in a great hurry, and on his way home," said his wife.

"On horseback, as usual, I suppose."

"Yes, following after the coach; but my dear, I never saw a man look so badly."

"Following after the coach—what in the world do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, if I understood him, he had some one in charge in the coach, but he was so excited and so strange, that I could hardly make anything out of him. He seemed to me very much changed and very unhappy, said he felt as if there was sickness or trouble at home, and was so absent, in fact, as I said before, so *strange*, that I can convey to you no idea of his looks or his actions."

"Poor fellow! he has never been the same man since the loss of his child," mused the doctor; "he was, when a young fellow, full of frolic, almost wild with the excitement of his exuberant life, gay, witty and handsome; but since [illegible] or rather I should say since the mysterious disappearance of his child, he has been morose and unhappy."

"He prospers well," remarked his wife.

"Yes, yes, he is a man of splendid talents, but it seems as if the memory of some wrong clung to him."

"I don't 'know," mused his wife, "I rather think he is very much attached to his family."

"Undoubtedly," replied the doctor, "he idolises his wife; but when young he was a great wine drinker, and indulgence in that appetite may have led him into other excesses. The story may not be true, but I have been told, that he went through a pretended marriage-ceremony with a young girl of fourteen, lived with her awhile, and then deserted her. I do not know how true this is, I repeat, I only heard of it lately; but I fear there is at least some foundation for the story."

"And do you think the injured girl stole the child?" asked his wife.

"What eyes!" ejaculated the doctor, laughing in his wife's dilated orbs; "why! I havn't thought of that—probably some emissary of hers if not herself; I shouldn't wonder."

"Such a romance!" exclaimed the doctor's wife, drawing a long breath; "see, our little patient is stirring, the fever is coming on," she added, turning to the couch; "alas! poor child! who can tell your story!"

CHAPTER XVI.

LE VAUGN RETURNS TO A DESOLATE HOME.

It was a beautiful morning on the twelfth of September on which Le Vaugn mounted on horseback, rode through the streets to his city home.

Had he not been preoccupied, a strange look of concern in the faces of the friends and acquaintances he met, would have been apparent to him, as he nodded and rode on. He would have seen here and there a man pausing to gaze after him, a boy placing his basket on the walk and turning to look, and one and another from some shop-door or step, suspending conversation while he passed, and nodding with various gestures as if they had suddenly broken off some theme to talk of him. But he noticed none of these things as he moved towards his own residence. An unwonted solemnity fell upon him as he turned into the [illegible] street, lined with noble houses [illegible] to the marble steps of his [illegible]. There he checked his horse, sat [illegible] upright and gazed on the spectacle before [illegible] with livid countenance. A broad band of black crape crossed from the silver handle to the hinge; and the sunshine glistened on the slow waving badges of death, suspended from every closed window. A chill as if the hand of death were knocking at his heart, crept through Le Vaugn's frame; his strength deserted him, and he staggered as he dismounted. An old black servant, gray with many years, and bent with age and infirmities, came up that moment from the arched passage that led to the rear of the house. Seeing his master, he pulled off his old wool hat, bowed, came forward a little, but seemed unwilling to speak.

"Well, Tony, say on quick; here is bad news for me; what of my wife?"

"S'pose I go fust and tell Marthy to open the do' for you, sir?" said the old man, respectfully, stepping back again, still unwilling to answer, while his lips trembled as his eye scanned the blanched face before him.

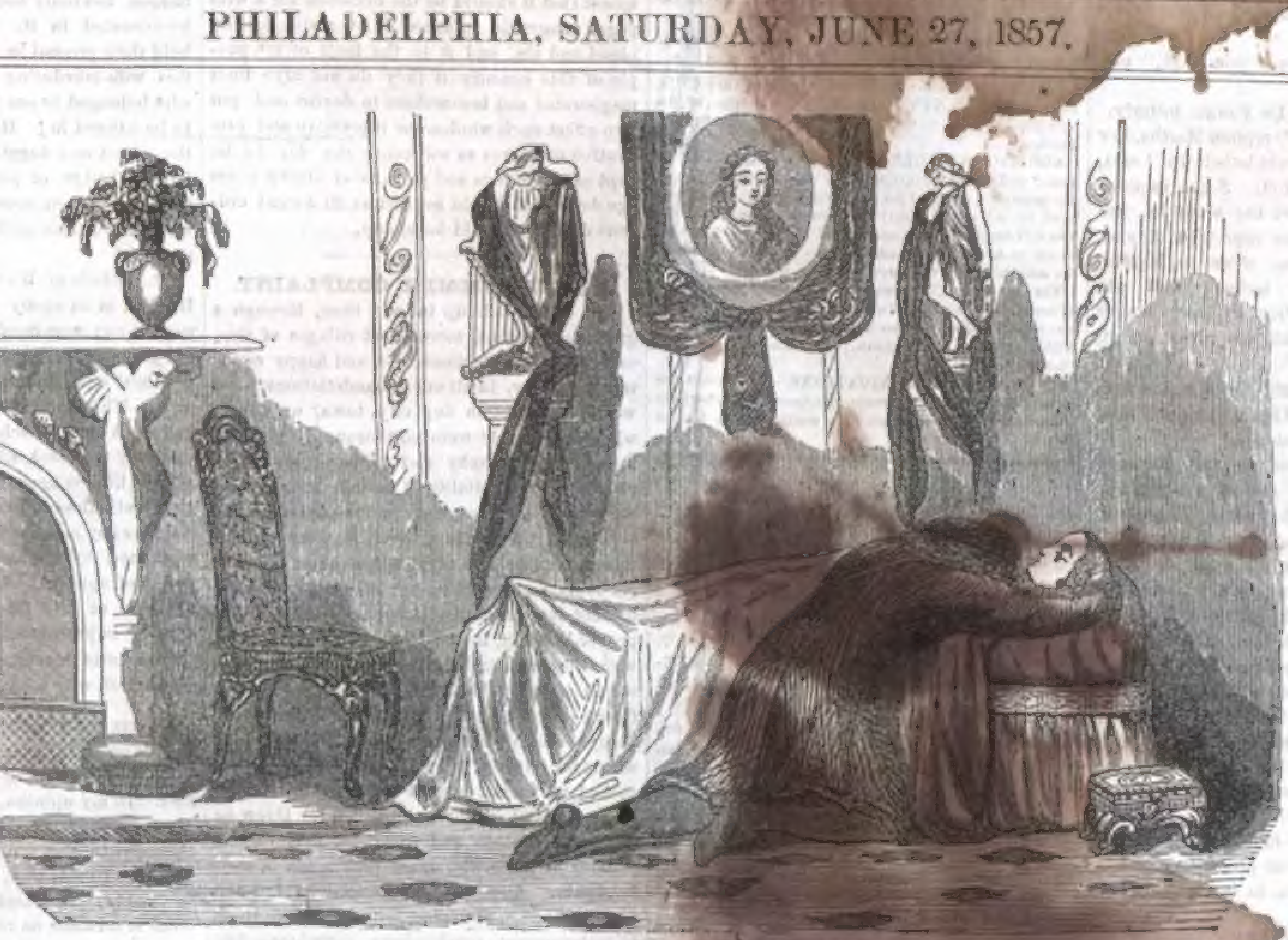
As if there were relief in uncertainty, Le Vaugn nodded, and moved with dragging steps up the bright entrance. Presently the door was opened by a tidy servant, who stood with her apron to her eyes, sobbing at sight of the master of the house.

"When did she die?" he asked, bracing himself firmly, as if to prepare for this sudden and unlooked for misfortune—his forebodings and the solemn stillness of the house told him that he was no longer a husband.

"Two days ago, sir, and we've been looking for you so anxiously," said the girl.

Le Vaugn waved his hand impatiently, as if to check her, and turned to a neighbor who was just coming down the stairs, and who greeted him with a quiet manner and a subdued voice, and then, without further word or question, preceded him up stairs, opened the door of a chamber, and as he entered shut it upon him with tender, womanly thoughtfulness.

He was alone with the dead.



"HE WAS ALONE WITH THE DEAD."

It was a sumptuous chamber, lofty and spacious, the walls frescoed in panels, the ceiling elaborately painted, and from the central group of cupids hung a glittering chandelier. The small, rare paintings were covered with crape; the blinds, nearly closed, let in a pale, grey light over the carpet whereon never foot of poverty had rested; the statues seemed whiter and more mute before the bed of death. Not a shadow fell on the white counterpane, so pure and spotless, under which lay the slight form, scarcely sculpturing an outline, it was so fragile, so small and delicate. Still as the grave's quiet was the room, wont to be filled with light and beauty; neither voice, breath nor whisper disturbed it now, for Le Vaugn stood breathless, stricken into a marble-like silence. The little French clock glittering on the mantel, his gift to her in the first days of their prosperity, ticked with a sad and lonely sound, as if it were measuring over again the slow beatings of her dying pulse. What with the anxiety and disappointment connected with the search for his child, and the sudden revulsion of feeling attendant upon the death of his wife, Le Vaugn was totally unmanned. His knees trembled under him, his strong frame shook with the tide of tears that dashed against his heart, and to which his eyes could not give egress; and his chest impetuously rose and fell. He threw himself upon the lounge on which her form had been wont to rest, and groaned in his terrible anguish, and gasped and sobbed with a dry, choking voice, till the first sharp grief was over. Then he lifted himself up, weak almost as an infant, tottered to the bed, and slowly and with shaking hand turned down the upper portion of the coverlet. The dead wife lay before him in her cold beauty. The soft hair glittered as richly as when in girlhood, but death had closed her sweet eyes and stilled her young heart. Brow, lip and throat were congealed with a waxen whiteness; her hands were folded with a natural clasp on her softly rounded bosom; she was dressed for the grave—ready for the coffin. He bent and kissed her, then shivering at the chill of the unanswering lips, he turned away in the extremest anguish, and bowing his head on his clasped hands, sat on the bedside and moaned her name, as if he were calling her back to him.

Meanwhile the servant had again been summoned to the door. A well-dressed man stood holding a bright-faced, intelligent looking boy by the hand.

"This is Mr. Le Vaugn's, I s'pose," said the man, urging the boy within by drawing him forward.

"Yes, sir; but the master is in trouble and wouldn't wish to see anybody; he's just lost his wife."

"Well, I don't know; he brought this boy to me early this morning, before I had opened my store, in fact, and said, says he, Brown—I'm his tailor—fit this boy to a decent suit of clothes, and as soon as he's ready, take him down to my house; which I did, according to the letter of the law, and here he is, regularly fitted out; new hat, new clothes, new boots, thirty dollars, and here's the bill."

"Well, I'm sure—I—I couldn't say, sir—I couldn't disturb Mr. Le Vaugn now, sir—I—I s'pose it's all right, and I'll tell him by and by," stammered the well bred housemaid.

"Never mind about telling him," returned Mr. Brown; "jest you take the boy in charge; clothes fit him very well; don't you think so, ma'am? go with her, little boy; I dare say it's all right; sorry for Mr. Le Vaugn, very sorry; give him my compliments; good day," and the dapper little tailor, with more rattle than brains, ran lightly down the steps, and began whistling an opera air as he sauntered off. His business done, he forgot that a man's dead wife lay within the compass of his voice; his wife was living; how could he realise another's sorrow?

Left with the boy the good girl did not know what to do with him, for a moment. Nick stood awkwardly fingering his new clothes, first eyeing himself and then Martha, and casting shy glances round the spacious hall, one foot turned over the other.

"I guess you may come into the kitchen with me for a little while, till Mr. Le Vaugn comes down stairs," at last she said, kindly, and Nick, who, now that he was dressed, bore himself with not a little conscious grace and erectness, marched in after her, holding his head very high.

"Sit down here," said Martha, as she ushered him into a handsome apartment, with shining floor and windows, and quantities of bright utensils hung in conspicuous places.

Nick seated himself in a large chair, wondering what made the lady so gracious to him, who had received nothing since he could remember but kicks and cuffs, and coarse commands uttered with threats and menaces. Nothing looked familiar to him, save the huge clock that ticked in one corner, standing in solemn majesty as it had stood for three generations, and seeming for all the world as if it had marched out of the old inn kitchen, and got here a little before him. The cook, an old German woman, was just tying on her apron as he came in; she peered over her spectacles, took them off, put them on again, and sauntered slowly out of the kitchen into her own particular province, casting glances back at Nick as she went.

"Are you going to stay here, little fellow?" asked Martha, taking her sewing, and seating herself beside him.

"I guess I am," replied Nick, timidly; and then gathering courage, he added, "I like this house."

"Yes, it's a fine house, but there ain't never been much happiness in it, I guess," replied Martha, talking to herself rather than to him—"at any rate, it's a sorrowful house now! the poor dear creature has gone to heaven, I hope. She clean mourned herself to death for that stolen child. What is your name, little boy?"

"My name is Nick; but Mr. Le Vaugn, he says, I'm to be called George Henry Le Vaugn; he's going to adopt me," he added proudly, pulling down his new blue jacket, and pushing the black curls from his forehead.

"Going to adopt you. Well, I never! What in the world is he going to do with you, and he without a wife. Why, child, you didn't know, nor he didn't know, before you came here, that his wife is lying cold up stairs, poor lady!"

"Will he send me away, then?" asked Nick, anxiously, a cloud settling on his brow—"'cause I can't never find my way back to old Job Goodale, and if I did they wouldn't keep me, they was so mad 'cause I came away. Masty was good, though," he added.

"No, no; that ain't like Mr. Le Vaugn," said Martha, resuming her work with a dubious look. "Like's not he'll settle some strange body over the house—oh! dear!" and with a long, deep sigh, the good Martha suspended her sewing, folded her hands, and gazed on vacancy.

It was very still there. Only the dull rumbling of distant wheels fell faintly on the ear, and the thick beat of the clock struck monotonously. Nick felt a sensation of awe creeping over him from head to foot, as he sat calculating the chances of his being retained, watching Martha as she mused.

He grew quite at home during the progress of the forenoon, and relapsing into his old crouching attitude, with his hands hugging his knees, and his new cap most tenderly hanging from them, he went through with his whole history from the time he could remember.

Martha sat listening with unabated interest, and wondering at times why she heard no signs of life upstairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUAKER'S FOREWOMAN.

Martha and Nick were still busily talking, when Miss Celeste Le Vaugn, one of two female cousins who lived with Le Vaugn, and who were his only living relatives in America, entered the kitchen.

"Who is this little boy, Martha?" asked Celeste.

"Your uncle brought him home, Miss Celeste, and accordin' to what he says, he will stay here," replied Martha.

"Oh! he'll make him his printer's devil, I suppose," said the girl carelessly; "I wonder if he knows about the city. Can you go to John Lake's straw-shop for me, little fellow?"

"He never was in the city before, he don't know nothing about Philadelphia," replied Martha; "if you'll wait till I set the table, I'll go for you."

"Oh! that's a kind creature, Martha, I'm sure; if you'll just ask Mrs. Swan, the forewoman, you know, if my black Navarino is finished, and if she'll send it with her bill, I'll be ever so much obliged to you," and Celeste left the kitchen.

"If you'd like to go with me, little boy, you may," said Martha, as she stood shawled and bonnetted, after getting all things in readiness for the dinner to be served up. Nick assented with boyish alacrity, and the two wended their way into the streets. To the boy's eyes, unaccustomed to such sights, every object was a wonder; he seemed walking in dreamland. The splendors in the windows, the toys, and various merchandise of which he did not know the meaning; the books and pictures, the gaily-clad children, the various equipages, the great dwellings, and the market displays of Autumn fruits, bewildered and yet delighted him. Martha could scarcely keep him by her side; at one time he would spring almost under some horse's head, at another, he was dragged by some counter-current of humanity far behind her, and on his rescue merely gave a dubious stare, and run into another fresh difficulty, so that when they arrived at John Lake's shop, the good woman out-of-breath, declared she had rather do a day's work than drag a fresh importation through the city streets. A long and narrow store was that wherein the worthy Quaker transacted business; his work room led from a side door into a lofty, well-ventilated apartment, at different points of which sat from twelve to fourteen women, from the ages of fifteen to twenty-five, busily employed in sorting, softening, sewing, and plaiting the glittering straws. At the head of this room sat a woman, apparently of middle age, dressed in a gray gown, like a Friend, with a muslin kerchief folded over her neck and bosom, a plain cap, differing only from Quaker simplicity by the addition of a deep bordered frill, a low, broad forehead, over which was passed a black ribbon, underneath which a narrow edge of silvery hair was just visible. Mrs. Swan was a remarkable woman. Her face was fresh and fair almost as youth, her lips, which she compressed constantly, must have been at no very recent time round and ruddy; a faint color yet dyed her cheeks, and her low forehead was free from wrinkles. Thoughtful and serene in countenance, her very attitude was an embodiment of womanly dignity. Her hands, small and delicate, were nearly covered with the long, plaited ruffles of her sleeve at the wrist. An atmosphere of singular purity seemed to surround her—her calm, deep, dark eye, remarkable only for a concentration of light, that pierced as it looked through the outward manifestation into the hidden spirit of the act, made one, in her presence, truthful in spite of himself. It seemed as if she were guarded and hedged about from all contaminating influences. The young ladies in the store reverenced her as if she were a parent, and came to her with all their struggles, sure of the sympathy of her great, strong, and hopeful heart. And it was not strange, under her eye as they had many of them been for several years, that they were all quiet, thoughtful, and modest in manner and apparel. The work-room of John Lake was in fact a veritable school of morals, and the parent who could place one of her daughters under the superintendence of Mrs. Swan, felt that she was, humanly speaking, safe from the perils that threaten the young in great cities. Martha, who seemed to know the forewoman, went immediately up to the little table, upon which, paper and pen in hand, Mrs. Swan seemed to have been casting accounts, and delivered her message, still holding Nick by the hand. Nick, by the way, was creating a little diversion for himself. His big, round eyes revolved with a rapidity of motion that set the young ladies to laughing, and he, noways disconcerted, laughed back again, as though he was mightily tickled at the notice taken of him. Mrs. Swan, rising to attend to the order, perceived the boy, and paused with a mute look of inquiry towards Martha.

"He doesn't belong to me, ma'am, nor any of mine," replied Martha, drawing him nearer to her side, and directing his attention to Mrs. Swan. The latter regarded him fixedly and mournfully, then with a sigh and a springing tear, turned away, and, after a moment's delay, placed a light package and a bill in Martha's hand, with a request that the young lady would return it early, if there were any alterations to be made.

"Has thee seen Horace Le Vaugn since he returned?" asked the Quaker, John Lake, now coming forward. "How does thee do, my little fellow?" he added, taking Nick by the hand.

"Yes, sir, but only once," replied Martha, "early this morning; indeed, sir, it was a hard blow for the poor man."

The forewoman turned hastily towards her little table; an unwonted flush was in her cheeks, a sharp, quick flash in her eyes, and then she was calm as ever. The flush faded, her eyes were intent upon her work, Martha and the old Quaker still talking, moved slowly towards the door. A pretty girl came up to the forewoman with a quantity of split straws. Mrs. Swan examined them minutely, while the girl chatted.

"Didn't you think that was a handsome little fellow that was here just now?" she said.

"He was a fine, bright boy," replied the forewoman.

"I noticed his eyes particularly, because they were so exactly the color of yours. I never saw anyone before that had your eyes."

"Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Swan, in a faint but deprecating voice, and her cheek had grown deadly pale. Commanding herself a moment after, she added, coldly, "take your work again, my child."

The girl lingered, with a troubled look. "Have I offended you?" she asked, timidly.

"No," replied the forewoman, "you never offended me in your life, my dear." Her voice was very calm and soft, but the folds of her drab dress, and the gauze of her neck handkerchief rose and fell, as if deep feeling was agitating that apparently passionless heart. The girl took her seat—the buzz and hum of the work-room, the rustling of straws, the clicking of sharp blades, the tying of fluttering ribbons went on, and the stately forewoman sat, one hand occupied with a pen, which glided with an absent motion on the paper before her, the other supporting her cheek. All that day she was thoughtful, pale, and silent—the girls wondered at her mood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOOD MARTHA CONSOLES LE VAUGN.

Home again, Martha gave Nick a book of pictures, and helped the German cook dish up the dinner.

"Oh, dear! I wish anybody could get any reason into uncle," cried Celeste, bursting into the dining-room, whilst the rest of the family followed more slowly. "He's up in the parlor walking, walking, up and down, back and forth, and his face and his eyes look like stone; I declare he frightens me to death; he won't speak to anybody, he won't let anybody come near him, he's refused his best friends admittance all the morning; he'll just go crazy, I know he will—he looks just like it—and then he'll kill us all, like's not."

"If you will attend to the table, Miss Celeste," said Martha, calmly, "I'll go up stairs; it ain't much I can say, but perhaps it may make him feel better."

"Oh! that's a dear, good creature as you always are, Martha; yes, I'll do anything if you will try to get some sense in him. Dear! dear! what a gloomy house! I'm sure I don't want any dinner—I can smell nothing but coffins."

Martha went up stairs slowly, with eyes half closed, and lips moving; she was seeking strength where she had never sought in vain. The door of the great parlor was closed; Martha knocked timidly. Tramp, tramp, sounded the footsteps of the bereaved husband. All was hushed silence, save that dismal tread, and no one opened the door. Presently the girl ventured within; Le Vaugn walked on without looking at her. His face had grown gray and old, and almost attenuated, by his morning's bitter sorrow; he seemed not to know that another stood within the sound of his footsteps, or, if he knew, to care.

"She was very happy when she died, sir."

He turned as if stung, as he exclaimed, "Happy! who?"

"Because she was a Christian," said Martha, in a low voice. "She became very happy at the last. God was merciful, sir."

"You speak riddles to me—a Christian! What had she to be a Christian for? because God took away her first born, her health, her happiness, her life?"

"We have no right to question God," said Martha meekly.

"I wish I felt so," said Le Vaugn, bitterly.

"I wish you did feel so," replied Martha, low and softly; "perhaps it would be better if I said, I wish you may," she added. Some impious speech rose to the lips of the mourner, but struggling with himself he repressed it, and, with another effort, he came close to Martha, and said, in tones so hollow, that she trembled as he spoke, "They say that you were with her; sit down, and tell me all about it, from the first to the last."

Martha sat down, thought for a moment as she clasped and unclasped her fingers, and then began, with abstracted vision—

"She took the sickest on last Tuesday morning. All that day she didn't get up. Then the doctor, when he came, seemed as much astonished as anybody; he couldn't account for the change that had come so quick; and she made him tell her how dangerous she was, and that, sir, *I* think, hastened her end. That night I watched with her. She was very wakeful, and talked a good deal with me; she talked beautifully about you, and about her lost child, and everything. She said she didn't think she should ever see you in this world again." Martha's voice failed her for a moment, and her eyes overran great drops of grief.

Le Vaugn had seated himself back of her in one of the niches of the gloomy, darkened parlor; his head was sunk in both hands, his face shrouded.

"Well, sir," continued Martha, clearing her voice, "I shall never forget that night—the words grew tremulous—nor the next day—for she was sweet, and smiling, and patient as a saint. Once she called me and said, 'I see an angel on this side of me,' that was the right, you know—and says she, 'don't you see how bright her wings are? Isn't the Lord good to comfort me so?' Well, she fell into a little doze after that, and as I stood over her, her eyes opened suddenly, and they shone so brightly, I was frightened; and oh! sir, what do you think she exclaims; 'I—' the good creature, overcome by her feelings, paused to sob a little, and to wipe the overflowing tears from her eyes—and then in a faltering, broken voice, she went on—'I've seen my lost child, Martha!' Oh, how solemn she spoke! to my last days I never can forget what a chill it sent all over me. Says I, 'dear, are you surely awake?' 'I surely am, Martha—I'm not a dreaming; I'm not out of my senses—I've been to my lost child, and seen her—and—I'm satisfied. The will of my Heavenly Father be done!' This was just at half-past two—I remember that, because the clock had stopped only a few moments before at nearly half-past. I wanted to be certain, and so says I, 'it was a beautiful dream, dear.' 'Dream, Martha,' says she, so solemnly, that my blood grew cold—'God gave me power to go to her; it wasn't any dream,' says she, 'I saw her, and knew her—and she saw me, and knew me, and cried out to come to me—but at that moment I was back again with you, Martha.' 'And was she well, and in good hands?' I asked, for I couldn't help feeling that somehow she knew all about it, but she only grieved a little, and wouldn't answer me. Oh! it made me feel so"—and Martha burst into a wild cry, and sobbed for a moment uncontrollably. "Forgive me, sir," she said, afterwards, wiping her eyes hurriedly with her apron—"but you told me to tell you all."

"Go on."

The words sounded like a knell—so hollow and sepulchral.

"Well, sir, I saw she was sinking, and I asked her if she had anything to leave for you, and she said, 'My love, all my earthly love; tell him I loved him to the last; tell him I will love him in Heaven.'"

The floodgates of Le Vaugn's stern nature broke down at this—

"Oh!" he cried, bursting into tears, "oh! my wife, my wife!" and he wept as only he who deems it weakness weeps when tears will no longer be repressed.

Martha was silent, the drops of sorrow chasing one another down her cheeks, her eyes turned sorrowfully towards Le Vaugn, her lips unsteady—thus she sat till he was more composed.

"It was four in the afternoon that she died, sir. Our neighbor was by the bed, the nurse, and the rest were standing about the room. 'Martha,' said she, and she gave me a look out of those dying eyes, 'if our dear little child is ever found, promise me you will be a mother to her.' 'I will, I will!' said I, as well as I could for crying, for I thought my heart would break to lose her; and then she said again, 'Martha!' I got closer to her lips, for I knew she was going as steadily as the sun goes down, 'tell my dear husband God is merciful—I want him to come, where I am going—dear Horace,' and saying that twice, with your name on her lips she died. That is all, sir."

And Martha rose to go. As she opened the door, a noise, as of disputing, was heard in the hall. John, the butler, was striving to prevent the ingress of some person outside. Martha stepped to the door. A woman of dark visage, respectably but coarsely dressed, held the door firmly with one hand, declaring that she must and would enter; and with a vigorous movement, she ensconced herself within.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ When two persons compliment one another with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

☞ "The light of the understanding," says Lord Bacon, "is not a dry and pure light, but drenched in the will and affections; for what men wish to be true they are inclined to believe."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1857.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT (of England), ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," THE AUTHOR OF "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, both of which will be illustrated weekly with appropriate engravings:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL, [illegible]
A Romance of the War [illegible]co,

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL [illegible] ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah, The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. C. We should think a brief and condensed article on the subjects you mention would prove interesting.

THE PROSPECT OF THE FOURTH.

The Fourth of July approaches, and, thanks to Consul Parkes and Admiral Seymour, the supply of fire-crackers from China is limited this year in consequence of the interruption of trade between us and the Celestial Empire, caused by the efforts of those worthy officials. Thus there is no great loss without some small gain. The ports of China are devastated that the tympanums of our ears may be spared.—Small cause for rejoicing have we, however, since whatever abatement our annual row-de-dow might suffer from the deficiency of double-headers, will undoubtedly be more than supplied by an increase of devotion to fireworks of home manufacture. Catherine-wheels, rockets, torpedoes, squibs, and chasers will whiz and stream and crack and sputter all around us with redoubled fury, and pistols, guns, cannons, horns, and calathumpian bands will swell the long diurnal and nocturnal din. Sober and peace-loving citizens will sigh for Cowper's lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade where they might be at rest. Meanwhile, the noise will continue.

Strange that men should be so desperately enamored of this semi-savage style of commemorating the Republic's holiest historic day. Nobody wonders when an African village, seized with barbarous joy, expresses its emotion with a harsh burst and bray of tom-toms and buffalo-horns, and the uninterrupted banging of dull drums. But we are not an African village—are we? We are a civilized and Christian people—are we not? Then why do we not express our christianity and our civilization in our holiday operations? Bring Dr. Livingston, with his eyes bandaged, into the midst of our Fourth-of-July doings, and set him to guessing where he was, and he would unhesitatingly conjecture on acoustical evidence that he had been transported back again to Africa, and had arrived when the mad feast of some savage town was at its climax. But no;—he would conjecture nothing of the sort, for no African hullaballoo and tintamar ever began to equal the demoniac diversity and extent of the detonating, exploding, crashing, banging, roaring, cracking, and fizzing that ceaselessly make night and day hideous from the evening of the third of July to the midnight of the fourth, every year, in this land of the free and home of the brave which we now inhabit. Yet even these things might be endured with forced complacency, if numerous gentlemen would not make the evil intolerable by causing conflagrations with their careless fireworks, and blowing off their own and others' members with powder, and getting considerably drunk and disorderly, and beating and stabbing each other in the streets and bar-rooms,—which order of diversions prevails extensively in all our cities, as all men know.

This annual desecration of a great and sacred day is one of the Sebastopols which we shall annually bombard till it falls. The authorities in all our cities have full power delegated to them to put a stop to the excesses and annoyances which every year provoke the complaints of all good citizens. We, as faithful journalists, shall make it a point of honor to direct the attention of the public, every year, to these excesses and annoyances until public opinion, like the brad-awl behind the drowsy and dilatory servant in the story, spurs our cozy and careless officials to the performance of their duty. The Fourth of July was meant to be kept as a national festival, with all possible national manifestations of joy and enthusiasm; but John Adams and Richard Henry Lee never meant that it should be the occasion for a wild pagan saturnalia, splashed all over with license, blood and sin, and it is the fault of the people of this country if they do not urge their magistrates and law-makers to devise and put into effect such wholesome repressive and preventive measures as will cause the day to be kept as the heroes and patriots of eighty years ago desired it should be, and as all decent citizens desire it should be to-day.

A NEW SUMMER COMPLAINT.

We have walked, in our time, through a great many cities, towns, and villages of this, our own great, glorious, free, and happy country, but never, in all our perambulations, have we set our foot in any city, town, or village where the people were so thoroughly permeated with philosophy and philanthropy as to prevent the possibility of certain members of the body politic throwing orange-peel upon the sidewalks. We believe that if memory were to unseal her lips, she could not mention one single solitary place where our editorial boot-heel has not at some time violently slipped from its proper location, in consequence of its contact with the castaway rind of that delicious fruit which glows goldenly in the dusky green of Cuban and Sicilian groves, and which we have always wished had continued to glow there whenever its skin, flung upon the sidewalk, has caused us to cut absurd pigeon-wings in the effort to maintain our equilibrium, or threw us off our venerable and venerated legs on the pebbles of Pineville, or the pavements of Philadelphia. And not only orange-peel, but the cores of apples, the skins of peaches, the rinds of watermelons, muskmelons, cantelopes, bananas, and the envelopes of every fruit that comes to us from temperate or torrid zones, are to be found during the summer months lying on the thoroughfares everywhere, to the imminent danger of pedestrians' limbs. We doubt if even the Wandering Jew, in all his long and comprehensive travelling, has ever come upon a single urban, suburban, or rusurban locality where some of the inhabitants did not distribute in the streets the strippings of the fruit they ate out of doors. We cannot set our foot upon our native heath, here in Philadelphia, without risk of spraining our valuable ankles, or fracturing our inestimable skull, in consequence of this pernicious practice; and our usual habit of walking the streets lost in our own lofty meditations, is now entirely disturbed by the necessity of our treading with circumspection, and removing with our walking-staff the various refuse of fruits that strew our pathway as we go.

Now, although the public reverence which of course invariably greets our appearance in the streets of this city, is much enhanced by the spectacle we present when we walk along considerately removing the orange-peel and melon-rinds aforesaid, and although it is gratifying to us to reflect on such occasions, that we are useful as well as ornamental, we must nevertheless, remark that in some moment of inadvertence we may by chance, failing to observe the danger in our path, slip down and hurt ourself; and we therefore enter our deliberate complaint against this thoughtless and careless habit people have of throwing the skins of fruit down anywhere. While such things are flung in our way, all of us, like Achilles, are vulnerable in the heel. We have no wish to see any of our fellow-countrymen or countrywomen, suffering from compound fractures of various limbs occasioned in this way. Still less do we wish to have the community shocked with the intelligence that we have broken our legs and arms, and have the city put to the expense of laying the street in front of our residence with tan to deaden the noise of the vehicles without while we are convalescing within. Neither do we desire to throw a pall of gloom on the public mind with the information that our valuable life has been lost to the country in consequence of our having broken our editorial neck with a fall, or fractured our editorial skull. But some one of these frightful calamities is every day liable to happen, unless our fruit-eating friends will refrain from strewing the streets with peelings. We therefore address an affectionate remonstrance to everybody—especially the little boys, who, we shrewdly suspect, have much to answer for in this matter—begging them to inaugurate an era of secure and sure-footed summer walking, by pocketing their peelings, or throwing them in some untrodden place. Our lives in this city are sufficiently endangered already, by the filth of the streets, [which the city authorities are not wise or wealthy enough to clean, although they have as many stenches as Coleridge found in the streets of Cologne, and promise us a good summer crop of cholera and fever,] and to add another chance, however slight, to the chances already against us, is to make our game of existence desperate, if not hopeless.

HANGING A-LA-MODE.

Ward, who murdered his wife, was hung at Toledo, Ohio, on the twelfth of this month. A ghastly foppery attended his execution. "He was dressed," says the reporter, "in a white robe, white pants, and white slippers, with a cross around his neck. He wore *white kid gloves*, etc!" White kid gloves! One would think a criminal at the gallows was anything but a fit subject for embellishment. But it seems Fashion has wheeled her car of conquest even to the foot of the gibbet. The convicted murderer now pauses on the austere and awful verge of mortal life, and has his hands clothed with the skin of a rat or a kid, before his spirit is violently ejected and sent to its Maker. Death becomes dandiacal. We may well abolish the old image of the skeleton, and substitute the semblance of a modern fop as the personification of the last stern change.

The Greeks believed, it is said, that all men had their attending dæmons, or genii. Ours we may imagine to be imps sprung from the Parisian *magasins*. The modish sprites are always at our elbow, bidding us dress in the style. We solemnize all the poetic and the prosaic epochs of life with white kid gloves. The phantoms of the tailor and the milliner stands with us at the wedding, the prayer-meeting, the baptism, and the funeral, as well as the lighter scenes of life. We never escape them. Even death on the scaffold, as we have just seen, comes to us now, grim and ghastly it is true, but palliated with a sense of dandy clothes.

A certain style of dress, very much the mode in the reign of an English king, went out of fashion suddenly because a criminal chose to be executed in it. Will the white kids still hold their ground in our first society, now that this wife-murdering man and brother, Ward, who belonged to our last society, adopted them to be hanged in? Have the opera-house and the gibbet met together, and are white kids to be the badge of both? Or will the modish men and women recoil from a style of gloves which have thus lately covered hands so darkly stained?

The details of Ward's execution are terrible. He died in an agony of excitement. His last speech was mere incoherent raving. The white kid gloves covered ice-cold hands with pulses that beat one hundred and thirty strokes a minute. Under the elaborate white livery of the gallows, a poor wretch, terrified almost to frenzy, violently trembled, till the execution was over, and the lifeless figure in its foppish uniform, dangled motionless in the air. If such an exhibition has any moral effect, how much it must be weakened by its association with these fopperies of apparel! An air of farce mixes with the awe of the tragedy. The severe and solemn impressiveness which should attend such a scene is marred to grotesqueness by its association with a badge of mere butterfly life.

VENTILATING STABLES.—Mr. S. B., of Green Bay, Wisconsin, says: "In your paper of the 16th, I saw an article on the ventilating of stables. In my opinion, the best method of ventilating stables is to make one or more wooden chimneys in the stable, size say 6 or 8 inches square. In this way, 9 feet is high enough for any stable. The stable is always sweet, and there is no draft on the horses."

☞ We are requested to call attention to the advertisement of Farms for sale in Camden, Burlington, and Atlantic counties, N. J.

New Publications.

LITTLE DORRIT, by CHARLES DICKENS, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is at length completed. Like all his works, it is levelled at current abuses. It brings the world into the debtors' prison, flays the aristocracy under the name of the Barnacle family, heaps derision on the English Home Department, branding it with the name of the Circumlocution Office, unveils shams, and holds up all manner of knaves and fools to public mockery. It is, on the whole, one of the best of his novels, and holds its interest well from first to last. Faults of manner and blameable Dickensisms it undoubtedly has, but these are inconsiderable in comparison with the number and greatness of its merits. The old power and pathos, the exuberant humor, the preternatural felicity of characterization, and the poetic atmosphere that belong to all his novels, belong also to this. Nothing could be better in the way of graphic and grotesque individualization than such characters as Flintwinch, Affery, Plornish, Pancks, Maggie, and others of the same kind. The opening scenes in the prisons at Marseilles and the Marshalsea, are in the author's best style. The satire of the Circumlocution Office is sharp and good, though less is made of the subject than we at first supposed would be. Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful than the death scene of the brothers Dorrit. The closing sentences of the book are remarkable for the quiet grace and peace they shed over what has gone before. Recurring again to the characterizations, we should not forget to mention John Chivery, inexpressibly comic, but the very soul of chivalry, and the little Italian, John Baptist, who is drawn with wonderful felicity and humor, and with vivid reality. The climax of the book's merit, however, is in the portraiture of Blandois. It is done with the hand of a master. The entire and perfect villain lives in every trait and lineament of the character. It is humanity just dissolving into devilhood. The scene where the old house falls in upon this wretch has a power peculiar to Dickens. With wonderful art he makes an old tenement, in this instance, bear the same tremendous relation to the victim, that the pursuing Fate does to the hero of the Greek tragedies of Eschylus and Euripides. In the moment of the catastrophe, it is no longer a house—it is a formless, sentient, deliberate, implacable, inexorable avenger. Yet this idea is not asserted by the author, but with a skill which we cannot too much admire, vaguely yet definitely implied. Take the single incident where, after the house has toppled down with a roar, crushing and covering the wretch within, the towering pile of chimneys left standing alone for a moment suddenly rocks, breaks, and hails itself down in fragments upon the ruin. The mere manner of the description, and the epithets used, impress the mind of the reader with the feeling that this is not a mere pile of brickwork, accidentally falling after the main mass has crashed down, but a deliberate, designing Fury, intentionally remaining erect to see that the victim has been really buried, and then hurling itself down with headlong ferocity, and in the full consummation and triumph of retribution, to make the destruction complete and sure. An exactly similar poetic effect is produced in the death of Carker in "Dombey and Son." There, we cannot feel simply that it is merely a locomotive that kills the flying knave; it is rather a sullen, fiery, remorseless devil that has power to hunt him down for his sins, and that, coming up with him, tears him limb from limb. A pleasanter instance of this subtle endowment of common material objects and agencies with life, occurs in the admirable "Christmas Carol," where the billows of the central ocean, idly weltering at midnight, suddenly leap up like Tritons in the darkness, as if they cried, "a ship, a ship!" and rush forward, huddling and crowding over each other's heads, to where the dusky vessel, with all her canvas spread, and the lights shining from her decks and portholes, comes toiling through the dark sea, with the eager waves leaping tumultuously around her. To our mind, things like these prove Dickens not only a great novelist, but a poet of a lofty order.

EVELINA; OR, THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD, by Miss Burney, (Derby & Jackson, New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philada.,) comes handsomely bound and clearly printed, reminding us that it was the sensation book of the days of Burke and Johnson, and that its sprightly and talented picture of the genteel life, manners and society of that time, won praise from them and from the brilliant coterie of which they were the central figures. Doubtless it will entertain many readers, though between it and the latter day novels written by women, such as "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Mary Barton," there is an immense difference, not only in literary execution, but in intellectual scope and power. Compared with such writers as Emily and Charlotte Bronte, or Mrs. Gaskell, the author of Evelina is no more than a clever child. Yet she was one of the first literary women of her day, and the difference between her and the present female literati, only proves how thoroughly certain emancipating influences acting on the mind of woman have done their work, and what an advance has been made.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, AND THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN, AND OTHER TALES, (Derby & Jackson, New York, for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) are the titles of two volumes of a new and handsome edition of the works of Hannah More, who is already so well known as one of the purest and truest of the British moralists, as to need no word of recommendation at this late day.—Though their scope is somewhat confined, and their ideas, as we think, often contracted, we know of no works that are likely to do more practical good, nor none that are more remarkable for shrewd wit, searching sense, and the power of fixing indelibly on the mind certain wholesome and needed lessons.

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., (Blanchard & Lea, Phila.,) is a valuable assistant to the study of Ancient History. It describes plainly the physical and political condition of those parts of the globe known to the ancients, and gives a good account of their various ideas of the earth's conformation. A map showing the line of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, makes the work interesting to the students of Xenophon.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER, THE PHANTOM SHIP, PERCIVAL KEENE, AND THE POACHER, (Derby & Jackson, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila,) are the four last volumes of the new edition of Captain Marryatt's pleasant novels, which every one likes to read, and which every one now has the chance of reading in type that will not wear out the eyes.

YOUNG AMERICA.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To smoke cigars and look so sage;
And if I should a moustache wear,
(Although the hair is rather spare,)
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my little whiskers by.
Big aches from little toe-corns flow;
Long beards from downy faces grow;
And though my beard is short and young
Of tender growth, and lately sprung,
Yet all the whiskers in the town
Once existed but in down.
But why may not young Charley's face
Be covered like others of his race—
Exceed what Tom and Dick have done,
Or any man beneath the sun?
Where are the whiskers, far or near,
That do not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy but three feet high,
Who has more fuzzy beard than I?

☞ Common sense and substantial homespun garments are not much used in these days.

☞ The heart, like the veins, bleeds most readily when warm.

☞ Sea water has been verified by actual experiment to contain silver. Who would have dreamed that the German Ocean or English Channel contained tons of silver?

☞ Faith can do more than remove mountains; it can still a clamorous conscience, make a bad conscience good, and soften a hard heart, bend a stubborn will, and bring God and man together.

☞ Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

☞ The *very* latest novelty in dress in Paris is crinoline *sleeves*. Now, then, stand off entirely!

"BEHOLD some damsel, slender as a reed,
And fair as slender—beautiful indeed—
Suddenly grown to such an enormous size
That you can scarcely half believe your eyes!
Spreading to seem, with each succeeding minute,
St. Peter's dome! with a small child stuck in it!"

☞ There is a village out West so healthy, that the people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men who lived there to be "so old," that they did not know who they were, and nobody could tell them.

☞ In the word *abstemious*, the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order—a-e-i-o-u. The word *facetious* presents the same accidental singularity, and *facetiously* brings in the y.

☞ AN IRISHMAN AT THE ALMA.—"Englishmen," said Marshal Arnaud, "I hope you will fight well to-day." A voice, which from its tone denoted its nationality, exclaimed, "Hope? and, sure, you *know* we will!"

☞ Never jest with a woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you pitied her lonely condition.

☞ There are some lessons which adversity will be sure to teach us, and among others this, —that goodness in a woman is more admirable than beauty.

☞ Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy:—"The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops."

☞ Dr. Warren, famed in the healing art, expired saying: "There is no use in physic;" as Brutus did, exclaiming, "Virtue is no more than a name." Though there may be no use in taking physic, there is substantial use in giving it, and Dr. Warren is said to have left one hundred and fifty thousand proofs of this utility.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, June 4, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The King of Bavaria will prolong his visit here until the 12th of this month. A grand review is being held in his honor to-day at Longchamps. The mere watering of the sandy expanse of the Champ de Mars at the review lately held there for the northern bear cost $1,000! The flowers alone at the marvellous beautiful *fete* just given to Maximilian in the Hotel de Ville cost $10,000! If such expenses are to be incurred for all the crowned and royal heads who intend visiting Paris before the year is out, we may expect a little further increase in our "furniture tax," and also the imposition of other taxes before we are much older.

The mania of locomotion has seized in earnest on all the crowned heads, only about half a dozen of whom are now in their own dominions; the greater number of the wanderers being expected here. Even the wearer of the triple tiara is prolonging his tour through the Roman States, and will scarcely return to the metropolis before next winter, notwithstanding the anger of cardinals who would like to keep him behind their mantles. Pio IX. has been so surrounded by these men that his dominions are quite a new field for him; and it is now fully admitted that the aim of his wanderings is political reform. Would that he may find the necessary nerve for inaugurating the measures so urgently needed in his dominions!

To return to the grand fete just given to our Bavarian visitor, let me say, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that white *tulle* dresses are the rage just now; and very pretty they are for the ball-room. On this occasion the Princess Mathilde wore a triple skirt of white *tulle*, embroidered in straw colored, green, and white silk, a coronet of diamonds, with a small veil of white *tulle* hanging from it behind the head, a necklace of diamonds of truly imperial magnificence. She is very fond of aping the Empress, of whom she is believed to be not a little jealous; and often excites comment by the closeness with which she approximates in her toilette to that of her *suzerine*. The Duchess of Hamilton, another cousin of the Emperor, wore a robe of cherry *tulle*, with red flowers, and agraffes of emeralds and diamonds. Mme. Hausman, the wife of the Prefect, and mistress of the *fete*, wore a robe of white *tulle* with red ornaments and a profusion of pomegranate blossoms. The king wore a blue uniform with a yellow collar, and the grand-cordon of the Legion of Honor. His majesty, who was amazed and enchanted with the splendor of the scene, danced with so much spirit that the other guests thought it only civil to infuse a little extra life into their own languid movements.

While Paris is dancing, in spite of the heat, the Russians are celebrating the "break-up" of the ice, with traditional observances. In some places the old custom of burning Winter in effigy is still being kept up; in others, the people content themselves with the firing of guns, singing songs in honor of Spring, and making themselves somewhat more drunk than usual. Meantime the Empress-Mother has been visiting the lions of Rome with as much zeal as the humblest visitor to the Immortal City. At Albano, having heard that the women were famed for their beauty, she desired to see some of their handsomest specimens; and a number of the women of that town were admitted to her presence in the brilliant glories of their scarlet jackets, coral handkerchiefs, and snowy kerchiefs and coifs. The old lady was so much pleased with their visit, that she presented each of them with twenty dollars to buy a new gown.

MR. HUME AGAIN IN PARIS.

Amidst all this journeying of great people, Paris has been blessed by the return of Mr. Hume—[Our correspondent writes the name *Home*—but we have always seen it spelt Hume, and therefore print it so.—*Ed. Post.*] the "medium," of whom such astounding stories are told. He has brought here a young sister, who is said to be very pretty and amiable; but, instead of making a medium of her, as was expected, he has put her into a school, where she is placed under the special patronage and protection of the Empress. Whatever be the opinion regarding the agents employed by Mr. Hume, there can be no doubt of his actually producing the most astonishing effects; nor of the great favor in which he is held by the Emperor. On Sunday week he breakfasted at St. Cloud with the Emperor and the King of Bavaria; and, at the request of the latter, produced a number of inexplicable phenomena! The king's hands were taken hold of by invisible ones, strange breathings were made on his face, his hair was moved about, furniture transported to different sides of the room, and so on. All of a sudden the manifestations ceased. At the king's request, Mr. Hume interrogated the "spirits" respecting this cessation.

"We have stopped because it is time to go to mass," was the reply.

On looking at the clock, they saw that it was just twelve; and piously took the hint, and made for the chapel. It will be remembered that Mr. Hume has recently embraced Catholi[illegible], at the teaching of his invisible acquaint[illegible]s. He lives very retiredly; utterly re[illegible] to give a public exhibition of his powers; and very rarely consents to make even private [illegible]riments.

TWO STRANGE STORIES.

Speaking of Hume, reminds me of the strange story just now going the rounds of the fashionable world, regarding the nephew of the Count R——. This gentleman, Mr. S——, [illegible] in London a short time ago, and there, one [illegible]ing, while sitting reading in his bedroom—where his valet was busy putting his master's things to rights—Mr. S—— suddenly heard a very loud scratching, as of a pen, at his desk. He did not turn round, but being much surprised at what he considered a great liberty on the part of the servant, "What are you doing there? What do you mean by writing at my desk?"

"I am not writing, sir; I am certainly nowhere near your desk, but in quite another part of the room."

Turning his head, Mr. S—— then saw that the man was, in fact, at the farther end of the room, and quite away from the writing-desk.—Still more surprised, he left his chair and went to the desk. On it lay a sheet of paper, with writing on it, and a pen beside it. Both the pen and the writing were wet with, as it seemed, ordinary ink. On the paper was written "Rodolphe, 7½!"

"Swear to me that you did not write this!" said Mr. S—— to the man.

The latter swore by all the saints in the calendar that he knew no more about the writing than his master. But the sequel of the story is the strangest part. *Rodolphe* was the name of Mr. S——'s most intimate friend, then travelling in America; and it has since been learned that this friend died at half-past seven o'clock on the very evening when this mysterious writing was done. The occurrence has acted so powerfully on the mind of Mr. S——, that he has renounced all the advantages of a large fortune, connexions, and brilliant position, and is preparing, despite the efforts of his family to prevent the step, to enter a community of Oratorians.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Czas* of Cracow, gives another story, almost as singular, though of a different character. According to this journal, the agent of Count Sch——, being sent by the Count to draw the value of 15,000 silver rubles in bank notes, dropped these notes out of his pocket on his way back. The rouleau was picked up by a clerk of a neighboring shop, who happened to be going home a few paces behind the agent. Instead of at once refunding the money, the clerk followed the agent, saw him enter the house of the Count, and, having ascertained the name of its occupant, went home, debating in his own mind what he should do with the sum he had found. His wife strongly urged his keeping it; but better sentiments having worked in the clerk's mind, he declared to her that he should restore the money, next morning, to its lawful owner. The wife cried and stormed, and a violent quarrel ensued. But the clerk had overcome the unworthy temptation, and held firm to his resolution. Early next morning he went to Count Sch——, explained what had happened, and offered him the roll of notes. This the Count refused to take back, saying that the agent, in despair at the loss, had killed himself in the night. The clerk, seized with remorse, went home, and there found that his wife, distracted at seeing this large sum slip through her fingers, had hung herself during his absence. Driven out of his mind by this accumulation of horrors, the wretched man cut down the body of his wife, and immediately hung himself with the same rope. The 15,000 roubles left in his possession will probably be given to the poor; property left by those who have committed suicide going to the crown, which will doubtless refuse to inherit a sum that has led to occurrences so tragic.

A SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.

The wind seems to be blowing catastrophes. A letter from Olten, of May 29, gives a harrowing account of the terrible accident that has occurred in the tunnel—now being excavated in the Haunstein mountain, near Bale, on a Swiss railway. It seems that a forge had been established in the interior of the tunnel, under a shaft—lined with wood, and supported by beams of the same inflammable matter—that served as a chimney. On the 28th, this woodwork caught fire, setting fire also to a great quantity of coal that had been brought in for feeding the forge. The sides of the shaft fell in almost immediately, thus closing all possibility of escape to the fifty-three laborers at work in the interior of the mountain, the mass of burning coal about the forge rendering it equally impossible for them to reach the mouth of the tunnel. The whole country-side was at once on the spot, water was thrown in, everything that could be done was attempted with all the zeal called forth by the horror of the incident; but such was the overpowering effect of the heat and gases generated by the combustion of the coal in the tunnel that, at a distance of five hundred paces from the fire, the men at the pumps fell, stifled, by the burning vapors. Several of the assistants are said to have been suffocated in their efforts to open an issue to the unfortunate miners; others are dangerously burnt. The wives, children, and mothers of the miners, were hovering about the scene of the catastrophe, uttering heartrending cries and imploring aid. Engineers from various points of the line had arrived; but there seemed very little chance of saving the victims of this shocking accident, who will most likely have perished from want of air before the fire has burnt itself out; even if not stifled by the smoke, a danger diminished to a certain extent by the violence with which the smoke was escaping through the mouth of the tunnel.

THINGS IN AUSTRIA.

Field Marshal Radetzky, so detested in Austra-Italy—in the government of which province the Grand-Duke Maximilian has just succeeded him—slipped down on the 20th, in his bedroom, in Vienna, and fractured his thigh; a severe accident for a man of over ninety. It was rumored yesterday, that the iron-hearted soldier was dead; to-day, we hear that he is recovering. Those who remember his cruelties after 1848, can hardly find it in their hearts to wish him well over his accident.

The little Archduchess Giselle being better, the Emperor and Empress of Austria have resumed their journey in Hungary. The nobles of this country are less opposed to Francis-Joseph than are those of Lombardy; but are giving their sovereign to understand, more plainly than ever, that if he wishes Hungary to remain under his sway, he must respect her ancient rights and Constitution. The Emperor has proclaimed an entire amnesty for all political offences; and the restoration of property sequestrated for the same. Among the estates thus to be restored to their rightful owners is that of the late Count Louis Batthiany, whose heroic and beautiful wife, it will be remembered, was indecently exposed, and brutally whipped, in public, by the soldiers, and under the orders, of that fiend in human form, General Haynau.

A BIRD TOURNAMENT.

While the universal reprobation of the Belgian people has induced the king to withdraw the obnoxious bill, conferring new privileges on the heads of religious houses, so that that spirited little country has been in a dreadful hubbub, and is now in a great state of jubilation, felicitating themselves on their vigorous demonstrations against a piece of retrograde legislation, and adoring their king more than ever for the sage promptitude with which he has yielded to the national will—the Societies of Blind Thrushes, of eight Belgian towns, have been holding a grand tournament in a field outside Robrouck, whose Society had invited the others to this trial of their respective choirs. The birds were brought to Robrouck the day before the tourney; and throughout the evening the little town was echoing with the songs of indigenous rhymers, composed in honor of the bird that had gained the Prize of Hanover (a silver thrush) on former occasions. The tourney took place on Sunday, May 17, at half-past five in the morning, and lasted exactly an hour. The birds of Robrouck went through 2,622 warblings; those of Ekelbeke, 2,412; of Bergnes, 2,026; of Arneke, 1,967; of Houdschoote, 1,966; of Nordpene, 1,777; of Wormhout, 1,430; of Steenvorde, 1,321. The Prize of Honor was adjudged to the Society of Robrouck, but was by it relinquished to that of Ekelbeke, one of whose birds, No. 2, went through with 750 warbles, the largest number executed on this occasion by any one bird. After the distribution of the prizes and medals, the usual rounds of toasts were duly gone through with, and the different societies went off with their pets about noon. Eight hundred persons had come in from the neighboring towns and villages, to assist at the brilliant performances of the poor little songsters so unrighteously deprived of the blessing of sight, bestowed on them by the same Hand that has given to us the eyes of which we too often make use to tyrannise over our weaker brethren.

Here the gay world has been attracted to the race-course of La Marche, where only French and English officers in active service, and the members of the French and English Jockey-clubs, were allowed to ride. The races were very brilliant, and although the English maintained their usual superiority in equine contests, the French came off very creditably, and are regarded by their rivals from across the channel as decidedly "coming on." QUANTUM.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT.

BY J. D. HEYER.

She died when earth was fair beyond all price,
When hearts were warm as her own coat of silk;
When peoples' houses seemed the homes of mice,
And when life's cup, for her, o'erflowed with milk.
Reared tenderly, she spent her few brief years,
Like cats in Egypt—sacred, free from fears—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time,
She might have been a sausage long ago—
A muff, a fiddle-string; but to her prime
She hath arrived with an unruffled brow;
Shielded as if she had but one sweet life
Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings;
Perhaps a dweller in the milky-way;
Purring with joy amid all purring things;
No longer blinded with the light of day;
Where boys are not, nor stones, nor tears, nor sighs—
All dogs forever banished from her eyes—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, pure as a kitten's dream;
Calm as her own washed face at day's decline;
Soft as the scent of catnip; rich as cream.
Then lay her under ground all snug and nice,
For, like the "Puss in Boots," she'll catch no mice—
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! there is no cause for woe,
But nerve the drooping spirit that it walk
Unshrinking in this ratty world below,
And bear life's ills; thy tears can't call her back.
Thou'll meet her when thy fleeting years have flown,
With radiant whispers in that brighter home—
Weep not for her!

—*Newark Mercury.*

INGENUITY OF PARISIAN THIEVES.

The ingenuity of Parisian thieves is well illustrated by the following occurrence:

Two well-dressed persons stopped on Tuesday evening, between nine and ten o'clock, before the shop of a grocer named Crotan, Rue de Normandie, at Bercy, and burst into a very loud laughter.

"I tell you that I will do it," said one.

"I'll bet you five francs you do not," said the other.

"Done—I take the bet."

Both entered the shop.

"Do you sell treacle?" said the first.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the grocer.

"Give me two pounds of it."

"Have you any vessel to put it in?"

"No; but put it in here."

"What! in your hat?"

"Pour it in; it's for a wager."

The grocer took the hat, placed it in the scale, and, much amused at the idea, poured into it two pounds of treacle.

"There's the money," said the purchaser, and he threw down a five-franc piece.

The grocer began to count the change, when the man said:

"Pardon me, sir, but your treacle has a queer smell."

"It's very good, I assure you."

"No, smell it."

The grocer put down his head to the hat, and at the same moment, the customer, by a rapid movement, thrust the man's head into the hat, and as the grocer instinctively raised his head, the customer knocked his hat over his eyes. The other man then plunged his hand into the till, and seized a handfull of money, about thirty francs. Both got clear off before the unfortunate grocer could give the alarm.

Effects of a Sun-Stroke.—It is a mistake to suppose that death by sun-stroke is attended by extreme pain. Gen. Napier experienced an attack while at Scinde, where the thermometer, on his own authority, was as much use to him as it would have been to a boiling lobster, and wrote as follows to one of his daughters: "The sun-stroke was a staggerer; yet my hope is to die by one, for never can death come in an easier shape. I was just deadly sleepy; it was deadly had I been left alone; but the only feeling of the transition would have been a tiredness, like that experienced at being suddenly waked up before time. This was to a degree almost to be called painful, then came a pleasant drowsiness, with anger that the doctors would not let me sleep. Were it not for others, would that my horn had then sounded; so easy, so delightful, I may say, was the approach of death."

☞ Deeds are fruits—words are but leaves.

COMETS AND COMETARY INFLUENCES.

Arago divides comets into three classes, with reference to their physical construction:—Solid opaque bodies; comets in which there is a nucleus, but not opaque, permitting the light to penetrate it; and comets entirely destitute of any solid nucleus, consisting of matter much finer and more attenuated than our own atmosphere.

Some astronomers, however, deny the existence of any solid matter in comets; asserting that even those nuclei which appear through their vaporous envelopes most brilliantly and planet-like, are in fact more or less transparent. On the contrary, it is argued that the great splendor of some recorded comets forbid the assumption that they were mere vapor, since vapor could not reflect such brilliant light. Arago, in support of his opinion, refers to several comets which are recorded to have been visible by day-light. Of these, the most remarkable is that which re-appeared forty-three years B. C., shortly after the assassination of Cæsar, and which was supposed by the Romans to be the soul of that great soldier and statesman transferred to the heavens: this comet is thought to be identical with the famous comet of 1680. Another which Arago instances was that which in 1532 first startled the people of Milan by an apparition in daylight; its head appeared con[illegible] the morning before the sun, and was [illegible] than Jupiter. This, how[illegible] irrefragable or conclu[illegible] result of all ob[illegible] the existence of a solid substance in some comets is probable, it is at any rate not certain; while the large majority of these bodies are beyond all doubt mere impalpable masses, aeriform or vaporous.

Kepler declared that there are more comets in space than fish in the ocean! Arago, again, calculates that not less than three and a half millions of comets—and probably twice that number—have passed through our system. Many hundreds, some of them of huge and most terrible aspect, are recorded to have been seen. And yet there is no single evidence that any plan[illegible] our system has at any time been distur[illegible] the smallest degree, by these erra[illegible] The comet which amazed the wor[illegible]th of Cæsar—again in 110[illegible] in similitude to the bl[illegible]ing an immense train of [illegible] huge and terrific ap[illegible]tion, [illegible] burning lamp; and lastly in 1[illegible] came and went without more discomfort to the earth's inhabitants than was created by their own fears, for which of course it was not responsible. The appearance of this comet on the latter occasion has been recorded. It came in splendor and swiftness from the regions of space, and plunging downwards perpendicularly, appeared to direct its flight in such a manner that it must inevitably plunge into the sun. This piece of mischief, however, it was not destined to accomplish. Increasing its velocity as it approached the sun, it swept round this body at the speed of a million of miles an hour, approaching it to within a distance of 235,000 miles, calculating from the *centre* of the comet to the surface of the sun. It then commenced its outward flight, throwing off a train of light which extended to the enormous distance of a hundred millions of miles. With the swiftness that belongs to comets only, it swept away from the sun, was gradually lost in the wide deserts of space, and has never been seen since. Such was the coming and going of the most portentous and magnificent body that from time to time has visited us. It is true that, according to Whiston, it visited our system at the date of the deluge, and caused that event; but Whiston has been satisfactorily answered.

The enormous distance to which this comet receded from the sun, will sufficiently illustrate this portion of the subject generally. The comet of 1680, like all those which visit our system at periodical times, travels in an ellipse as before described. Its distance from the sun at perihelion, or at that point of its path nearest to the sun, we have seen to be some 235,000 miles. Its aphelion, or farthest distance from the sun, is considerably more than eighty-five thousand millions of miles—that is, twenty-eight and a half times greater than the enormous distance at which the planet Neptune revolves obedient to the sun. But lest this should not be sufficient to astound the mind of the reader, we may mention that this distance of eighty-five thousand millions of miles is only about *a third or a fourth* of the aphelion distance of the comets of 1780, 1680, and 1844.

That the entire mass of most comets, and nearly the entire mass of the [illegible] is composed of far distant and infinitely [illegible] particles, is proved in various ways. The comet of 1832, from which also the destruction of the earth was anticipated, was seen by Sir John Herschel to pass over a small cluster of most minute stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitudes; and the stars were distinctly visible through the comet. "The most trifling fog would have effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of cometic matter, which must have exceeded fifty thousand miles at least." This comet is one of the few which pursue a regular course round the sun, like the planets; and it is the only one which at the same time encroaches upon the path of the earth. It travels through an elliptic (elongated oval) orbit, once in about six years and three-quarters; and once in this period, therefore, the earth and the comet arrive respectively at a point where it is possible they might meet. In 1832, the panic was occasioned by the fear that these bodies would meet at this point. This, however, they did not. The comet passed it on the 29th of October, the earth on the 30th of November, when a distance of fifty millions of miles separated them. In 1805, when there was no panic, the distance between them at this point was only five millions of miles.

It may nevertheless be observed with truth, as Dr. Lardner remarks, that, "although the danger of an encounter with comets whose paths are known to be insignificant, the risk with relation to the far more numerous class of these bodies whose motions are unascertained, and which pass continually among the planets, may be greater." But this supposition is met by the science of probabilities—a science which experience has shown may, for all intents and purposes, be classed with those which are called exact. And this is the result, as calculated by Arago, and expressed by Lardner—"It has been shown that, assuming the number of comets which pass within the earth's orbit to be the greatest that it can be imagined to be, and that the magnitudes of these comets be also the greatest that they can be conceived to be, the chances against a collision of the earth with any individual comet would be 281 millions to one." This conclusion, which is based upon strict mathematical reasoning, will, we presume, be sufficient to re-assure the timid on this subject.

Besides that stars of a very inferior magnitude are visible through them, another peculiarity observable in comets of all the heavenly bodies alone, goes to prove them merely vaporous. This is, that the further they recede from the sun, the greater is their apparent size. Astronomers generally agree that this phenomenon is only to be accounted for in this way; that when a comet approaches near the sun the vapor which surrounds its nucleus becomes heated, and therefore expanded to a degree which renders it transparent and invisible; just, to use Dr. Lardner's felicitous illustration, as steam issuing from the safety-valve of a boiler is invisible at the moment of its escape, and assumes a greater and greater volume of whitish cloudy matter, as its distance from the valve and exposure to the condensing effect of the cold air increases.

That the earth should one day find itself within the tail of a comet, however, does not seem improbable when we consider the enormous length to which these appendages sometimes extend. We have already mentioned that the tail of the comet of 1680, in retiring from the sun, measured no less than a hundred millions of miles—that is to say, it extended over a distance greater by one-twentieth than that which separates this sphere from the sun. But that is not the longest tail on record. The comet which appeared in 1811 was followed by a train 130 millions of miles long; while that of 1843 had a tail twice the length of that of 1680—namely, 200 millions of miles. This is so large a proportion of the entire space comprising the solar system, that the event of the earth's immersion in a comet's brush does not seem highly improbable, as it is nevertheless said by mathematicians to be. The consequences of such an event it is impossible to foreknow, strictly speaking. Men of considerable reputation have held the opinion that the greater epidemical diseases which have from time to time appeared are attributable to the intermixture of cometary matter with our atmosphere; but the fact that epidemics are generally local, and confined even to a few square miles, is of itself, perhaps, a sufficient objection to the theory. Not that it is the only one. Another of the influences which have been attributed to comets, and that most frequently, vanishes upon investigation. It is generally supposed that cometary visitations are accompanied by excessive heat. That this has been the case in one or two instances is certain; that the coincidence appears to be entirely accidental, since a comparison of the temperature of the seasons at which the most remarkable comets appeared, goes to prove that, if anything, the balance is in the opposite scale—in an almost inappreciable degree, it is true; but that is all the more satisfactory.

The vast and luminous trains to which such wonderful powers have been attributed, make comets so peculiarly awful to the popular mind. The immense length to which they have been known to extend, is not at all disproportioned to their bulk. The tail of the comet of 1811, which we have stated to have been one hundred and thirty millions of miles long, had a bulk about five hundred and ninety million times the bulk of the earth! But it is thought that these enormous trains of luminous matter are hollow; and for this reason: A dark line is usually seen to divide the tail longitudinally. This is the appearance that would be presented were the tail hollow; for then we should look upon thicker masses of vapor at the edges than at the middle.

Two other extraordinary characteristics belong to these appendages. The first is the velocity with which they are thrown out from the head. The comet of 1843 threw out its tail of 200,000,000 of miles in twenty days; that is, at the rate of 7,000 miles per minute. The other remarkable feature is somewhat connected with the first—that the tails of comets are often turned *outward* from the sun, instead of gravitating towards it, and in a direction which also forbids the assumption that they gravitate to the nucleus of the comet itself. Sir John Herschel came to the conclusion at the last return of Halley's comet, that its figure, envelope and tail, could not be a figure of equilibrium under the law of gravitation. He is therefore compelled to bring in a *repulsive* force to explain the phenomenon. He argues that the velocity with which the matter composing the tail has been known to shoot forth from the head of a comet *from* the sun, is far greater than that which the sun could give to a body falling *to* it, even from an infinite distance. An energy of a different kind from gravitation, and far more powerful, must exist to produce such results. The presence of such a power, in the sun, capable of repelling matter of a certain quality existing in comets, would explain several difficult problems. Encke's comet, for instance, describes its path in our system in about three years and a quarter; but this period is shortened at every revolution, and time by time the comet falls nearer to the sun. Now, if the sun possesses the power of repelling the matter of comets in their perihelion passage (or at the point of their path which is nearest to that luminary), a part of the matter thus repelled may be driven entirely beyond the attractive influence of the nucleus, and be irrecoverably lost. The consequent diminution of the mass of the comet would involve a contraction of its path, and an abbreviation of the time in which it travels through that path. A comet known as Biela's was seen in 1846, to separate into two parts, each having a nucleus, the attendant nebulous haze, and a short tail; Sir John Herschel thinks it possible to account for that phenomenon on his hypothesis of a repulsive force.

The theory, however, is not generally received by astronomers. The diminution of the periodic time of Encke's comet is explained by others on the supposition of a *resisting medium*. Encke argued that a medium might exist of such exceeding tenuity as not sensibly to affect the movements of the ponderous planets, while a filmy mass of vapor, such as this comet undoubtedly is (it has no nucleus) might be very sensibly retarded in its original velocity, and so give to the attraction of the sun a constantly increasing power. The objection to this medium is, that under its influence (acting, it is true, over almost infinite periods), the comets must successively fall into the sun—if, indeed, the theory does not ultimately involve the destruction of the entire planetary system.

Has the Earth been already Immersed in a Comet's Tail?—This question has been soberly discussed. On the same day in 1783, (June 18,) a dense fog appeared in the most distant parts of Europe, touching also, in fact, upon the North American continent, and extending north and south from Sweden to Africa. This fog had these peculiar qualities; it lasted for a month; it was as dense on the summits of the highest mountains as in the plains; it was unmoved by the winds, and uninfluenced by constant and heavy rains; in some places it completely obscured the sun. To come to characteristics still more peculiar, it was absolutely *dry*; and it was faintly luminous. We are told that, "in the total absence of moonlight, the light proceeding apparently from the fog was sufficient to render objects visible at distances of two or three hundred yards."

In 1831 appeared a similar fog. It also was dry. It commenced in the north of Africa on the 3d of August, appeared throughout France on the 10th, in the United States on the 15th, and later in the month in China. It enfeebled, and in some places effaced, the light of the sun; and it was so luminous, that, while it prevailed, there was light enough at midnight to read print almost as small as any in this journal. Yet the stars were visible.

It has been thought that this fog was, in each case, simply the tail of a comet, then supposed to be passing over the earth. To this idea, however, there appears to be sufficient objections. With regard to the fog of 1831, it was neither continuous nor uniform. With regard to both it has been advanced, that the head of the comet, whose tail the fog was supposed to be, was not visible; which it must at some time have been had it been present.

That comets are ponderable, and have a certain weight and substance, is proved by the fact that they are subject to the laws of gravitation; but the immense bulk of these bodies, compared with the fact that their near approach creates no perceptible influence on any of the planetary bodies, alone proves that the matter of which they are composed is a thousand times less dense than our own atmosphere.

The Coming Comet.—With a few words as to the expected comet we conclude. This is the comet which was first observed in 1264, and which re-appeared in 1556. Its appearance then was magnificent in the extreme. Its tail was of an enormous length, and according to the Chinese accounts, resembled a flaming sabre. There is no certainty as to the period of its return; it has been fixed by astronomers at some time between the present year and 1860.

An Important Fact.—A farmer in the western part of New York, expresses his belief that a branch or cutting from any tree, will grow if properly planted and cared for, and says that the contrary has never been satisfactorily ascertained. He then proceeds to mention that an intelligent old farmer, with whom he was lately conversing on the subject, informed him that on one occasion, finding several young hickories spring up in a clump in one of his fields, he was curious to know how they originated, and digging for the cause, came to an *ox goad*, which, after being used for a while and bruised, had been dropped and ploughed under!

☞ A Good "Sally."—"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me on fire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Influence of a Suit of Clothes.—A refractory patient at Colney Hatch Insane Asylum, England, was in the habit of tearing his clothes into shreds. Mr. Tyerman, one of the medical officers ordered him to be dressed in a bran new suit. The poor man, a tailor by trade, either from a professional appreciation of the value of his new habiliments, or from being touched by this mark of attention, respected their integrity, and from that moment rapidly recovered. Before leaving the Asylum, he stated that he owed his cure to the good effect produced upon his mind by being entrusted with this new suit of clothes.

Violin Bows.—Violin players in Vienna are in the habit now of using liquid colophonium, instead of the solid resin, which is in vogue in the other parts of the world. The liquid mixture is applied with a camel's hair brush, is said to last during one hundred hours' playing, and neither to injure the strings of the instrument nor the bow. The strings, it is affirmed, too, give out a clearer tone than when the solid resin is used.

A Man's Leg Dropping Off in his Sleep.—A Barnstable paper tells us, that a man 67 years old, living in Biddeford, England, has been the subject of a most extraordinary experience. For 13 months one of his legs had been withered from just below the knee, and one night lately, while he was asleep in bed, the withered part snapped off, and the stump left behind has since healed! He had been a bed-lier for the last seven years.

A New Feature.—It appears that at the late International Cattle Show at Poissy, France, the examination of the animals was post-mortuary and internal, as well as of their exterior appearance in the flush of life. In other words the jurors, to quote a common expression, "sat upon" no less than thirteen specimens of roast beef, rendering the following verdict, which is nearly in accordance with the previous opinions of connoisseurs:—First and Best, a *West Higland* ox; second, a *Devon*; third, a *Charolaise* (a French breed;) fourth, a cross between the *Angus* and *Short-Horn*; fifth, an *Angus*; sixth, a *Limousin* (another French breed;) seventh, a Short-Horn; eighth, a Parthenaise (French.) The others were not classed. For soup and *boiled* beef, the Short-Horn ox, which only stood seventh in quality as roast beef, was placed first.

Continuous Railway.—The Iron Horse now pursues his way without stop or important deviation in a direct line from Bangor, Maine, to Jefferson City, Missouri, a distance of a little over seventeen hundred miles—half as far as London—in three days!

The whale-ship Montezuma, of New Bedford, was nearly wrecked recently by being struck by a water spout, which carried away nearly all her masts.

A Green Rose.—One of these extraordinary natural curiosities may be seen at Thorburn's seed store, in Broadway. The leaf, stalk, buds and flower, are all like those of ordinary roses in form, but all of one uniform green color. The parent stalk is said to have come from Japan.—*Albany Journal.*

A young man named Gauz, recently committed suicide, having been jilted by a Miss Robb—whereupon Miss Robb fell ill of anguish, and died of remorse.

DEATH OF VIDOCQ,

THE THIEF-CATCHER OF PARIS.

The recent death of Vidocq, the great thief-catcher, has again directed public attention to a man whom the world already regarded as dead, since his name had been forgotten, and the generation who had known and glorified him had almost passed away. For many years, Vidocq has lived a quiet and retired life, in the *quartier Popincourt*, in the midst of an indigent population, in the most unknown part of Paris.

Vidocq's period of glory was the Restoration. He was the creator of the popular *Brigade de Sureté*, of which he was a long time the chief. His memoirs, which he published, we believe, in 1829, in four large volumes, have been translated into English, German, Italian, and Spanish. For a long time, he was the hero, the mystery, the god of the Parisians. Himself a thief, he came out of the chain-gang to enter the police. If a robbery or an assassination was committed, the first question was, "Is Vidocq after the malefactor?" Or, if the malefactor escaped, everybody exclaimed, "That's because Vidocq was not in the affair." Finally, Vidocq fell into the exclusive business of watching, for hire, infidel wives and husbands—a highly lucrative and amusing occupation at Paris, but certainly not very reputable. Even in his later years, so great was his renown in this business, that his aid was frequently sought by wealthy people. His last exploit was the following:

A rich merchant went to him to consult on a deficit of 150,000 francs, which he found on his books. Vidocq demanded:

"What is the age of your cashier?"

"Twenty-five. But I am as sure of him as of myself; he also has been robbed; he is a victim like myself."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How old is your wife? Is she handsome? Is she honest?"

"Oh, sir, my wife is virtue itself—honorable, attached to me, above—"

"Never mind all that; your cashier is twenty-five; is your wife handsome?"

"Since you insist upon knowing, she is handsome, but—"

"But! but! no matter about the buts! You wish to find your money, don't you, and you have confidence?"

"Of course I have, since I am here!"

"Very well, then, go back home, make believe that you are going on a journey, and introduce me to the house."

This was done. The merchant left home, and Vidocq hid himself in a closet near the chamber of the lady. Breakfast was served, a young man was shown in, and was thus addressed by madame:

"Very well, Arthur, he is gone; but he suspects us, and we are lost."

The rival of Carpentier went over a long tirade of love and desolation, and concluding with these words:

"Only one road is left open for us; let us take what remains, and embark for—"

Vidocq stepped out of his concealment. Tableau!

"My children, be calm, or I'll break both your heads," said Vidocq. "We understand each other, I suppose? Now, tell me, where is the stolen money?"

"We have only 100,000 francs left," replied the woman.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Oh, I swear it."

"Very well! Give it to me."

The money was given over.

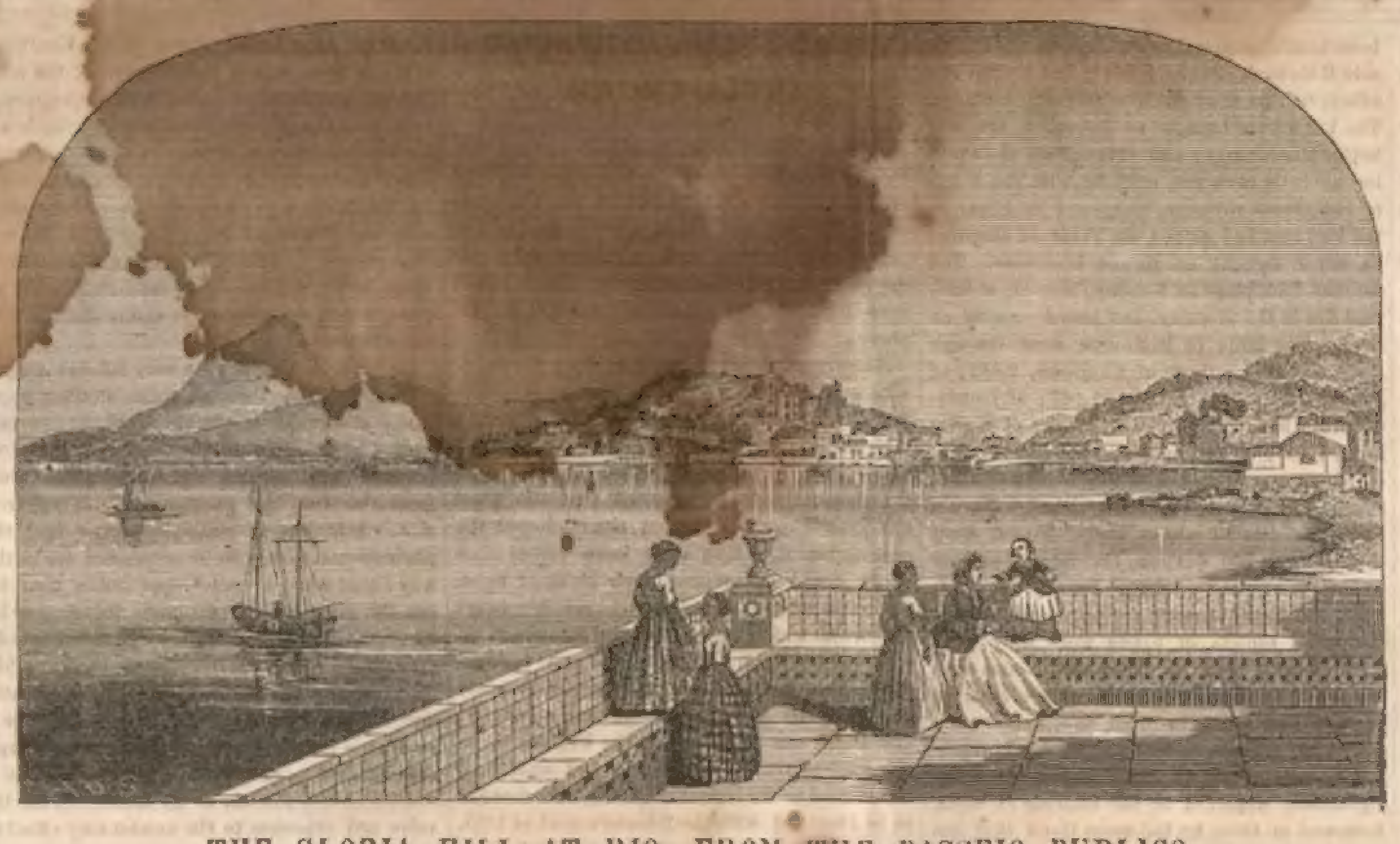
"Now, then, let this affair be forgotten; never speak of it to your husband, and he shall know nothing. As for you, sir, give me your delicate little thumbs." He placed handcuffs on the gentleman, conducted him to Havre, put him on a ship bound for America, and left him with the French adieu, "Go and hang yourself elsewhere."

Vidocq came back to Paris, handed the 100,000 francs to the merchant, saying, "Your cashier was the thief, but he had spent 50,000 francs of the money with a *danseuse*; I embarked him for New York." Afterward no happier family was ever known than that of the merchant.

ORIGIN OF THE TREADWHEEL.

Few people are, I imagine, aware of the origin of the treadwheel. It was the invention of Mr. Cubitt, the engineer of Lowestoft in Suffolk, a gentleman of science, of extensive professional connexions, and of gentle and pleasing deportment. The notion of such a piece of machinery owed its conception in his mind to a singular casualty. I received the following narration from his own lips:—All who may be acquainted with the county goal of Suffolk at Bury St. Edmund's, or rather such as it was twenty years and upwards ago, must be aware of the unsightly feature then existing (after passing through the main entrance) of mere open iron fences separating yards occupied by prisoners from the passage trodden by incoming visitors. The inmates in repulsive groups were seen lounging idly about, and the whole aspect indicated a demoralizing waste of strength and time. Under such dispositions, and some years before Mr. Cubitt's relation to me, that gentleman was in professional communication with the magistrates at the goal of Bury; and there he and a magistrate, the one going out and the other entering, met in the described passage, from which, as they stood to converse, the prisoners, as usual, were seen loitering about. "I wish to God, Mr. Cubitt," said the justice, "you could suggest to us some mode of employing those fellows! Could nothing like a wheel become available?" An instantaneous idea flashed through the mind of Mr. Cubitt, who whispered to himself, "The wheel elongated!" and merely saying to his interrogator, "something has struck me which may prove worthy of further consideration; and perhaps you may hear from me upon the subject," he took his leave. After-reflection enabled Mr. Cubitt to fashion all the mechanical requirements into a practical form; and by such a casual incident did the treadwheel start into existence, and soon came into general adoption in the prisons of the country as the type of hard labor.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared; for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.



THE GLORIA HILL AT RIO, FROM THE PASSEIO PUBLICO.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

The vast Empire of Brazil (larger than the whole territory of our Union) is beginning to attract the attention of the world by the richness of its wonderful flora, and by its rapid strides in commerce, good government and civilization. Our literature is singularly poor in books concerning Brazil, and we are glad that the hiatus is soon to be filled by *Brazil and the Brazilians*, a finely illustrated volume from the enterprizing house of *Childs & Peterson*. The authors, Rev. Dr. Kidder and Rev. J. C. Fletcher, resided many years at Rio de Janeiro, and have travelled extensively through the Empire. Their work is full of racy sketches of the life, manners, and history of the Portuguese descendants in America, and there are glowing accounts of the fruits, flowers and foliage of that land

"Where eternal summer dwells."

One of the most favorite suburbs of the vast city of Rio is the Gloria Hill depicted in our engraving. It was near this lovely spot that Mr. Fletcher resided, and he thus describes the views from his residence, and gives an account of the man who cut down a palm-tree:

"The front of my house looked over the bay to Jurujuba and Praia Grande, and also commanded a view of the long Flamengo Beach, the Babylonia Signal, the lofty Sugar-Loaf, and the entrance to the harbor. Far up the bay were verdant isles, and beyond all towered the lofty Organ Mountains, sometimes gleaming in sunshine, and sometimes half veiled in mist, but always the grandest feature in the landscape. From my back windows, on my right, I could see the precipitous side of the Gloria, and on my left, beyond the red-tiled roofs, upreared the tall Corcovado, whose Rio face is covered with forests. Beneath me was the garden of my neighbor, a plodding Portuguese from Braga. This individual was originally one of those industrious ignorant poor from the mother-country, who in Brazil and elsewhere, by dint of regularity and economy, acquire property, but rarely taste. He had a beautiful stately palm-tree in the centre of his garden. Night after night have I listened to the music of the cool land-breeze as it played through the long, feathery leaves. The sight of it was refreshing when the rays of the noonday sun made the more distant landscape quiver. It was a 'thing of beauty,' and 'a joy,' but not 'forever.' Early one morning I heard the click of an axe; and, rushing to my window, I beheld Sr. M. directing a black, who, with sturdy blows, buried the sharp instrument deep into the trunk of the noble tree, and at each succeeding stroke made the graceful summit and the clustering fruit piteously tremble.

> "The ruthless axe that hew'd its silvered trunk
>   Cut loose the ties that, tendril-like, had bound
> My love unto the tree; and when it sunk,
>   My heart sank with it to the ground."
>
> "Woodman, spare that tree,"

sung by the voice of an angel, would not have stayed the work of destruction; and thus the prince of the tropic forest fell by ignominious hands. Sr. M., the regicide, went that morning to his *toucinho* (bacon) and *carne secca* establishment in the Rua do Rosario, congratulating himself, as he stuffed his nostrils with *areia preta*,* that he had gained a few more feet of sunshine for his cabbage-bed, by cutting down a palm-tree that a century would not reproduce."

There are some charming evenings, we should judge, by the following description:—

"At evening, the view from the balcony in front of my residence was most charming. On a bright night the heavens were illumined by the Southern Cross, by Orion, and other stellar brilliants; and sometimes, when clouds obscured the lesser celestial lights, the bosom of the bay seemed like a sea of fire. But the most glorious nocturnal sight was to watch the full moon rise above the palm-crowned mountains beyond the Bay of San Francisco Xavier. Mild rays of light would herald the approaching queen, and soon the full round form, emerging, threw upon the distant waters of Jurujuba her silver sheen, while the dashing waves that burst along the whole length of the Praia do Flamengo seemed gorgeous wreaths of retreating moonlight. We are in the height of enjoyment. Perhaps we murmur

"On such a night as this," &c.,

and speak something about chaste Dian 'moving in meditation, fancy free,' when we are suddenly brought to the sad realization that we are in a sublunary sphere. We rush from the balcony spasmodically, and instantaneously snatch cologne-bottles, *bouquet*, ammonia, or anything that will relieve our olfactories. The *tigers*† also have opportunities for watching the moon rise. Eight o'clock [illegible] these odoriferous—not [illegible] come stealthily [illegible] and for the most [illegible], not with yells, but [illegible]rtainly been exported from Arabia Infelix.

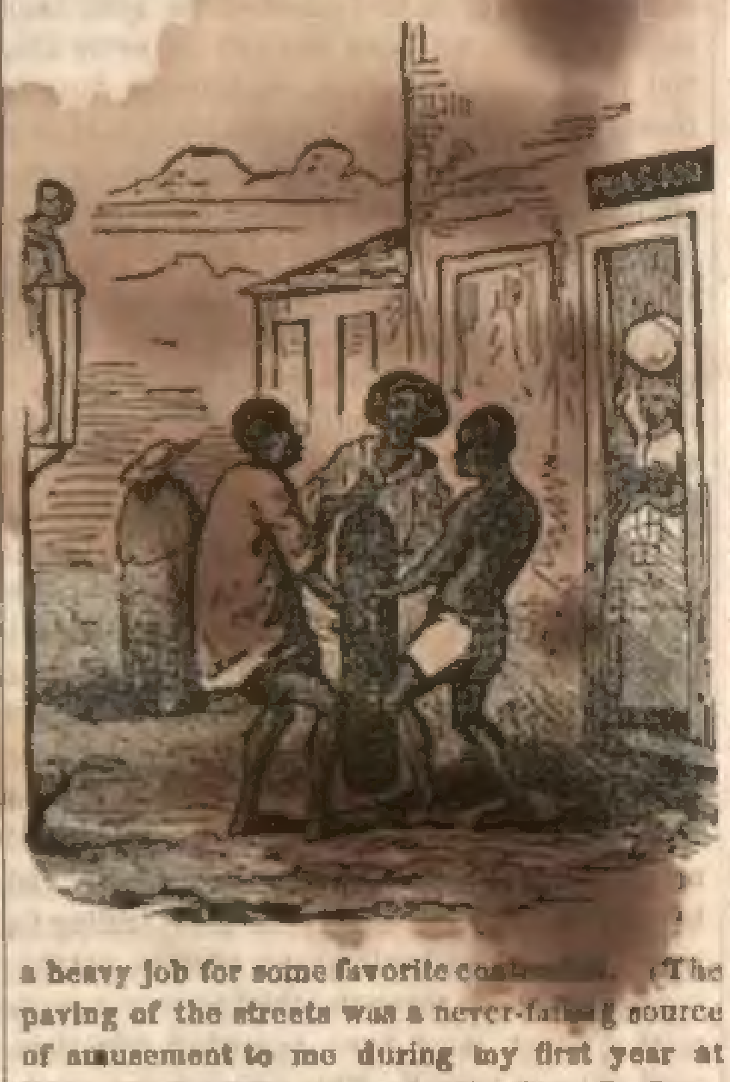
"A curious story is generally told the newly-arrived stranger at Rio, of a Fluminensian who on a visit to Paris became exceedingly ill. Every restorative was applied in vain, until a French physician well acquainted with the capital of Brazil was called in, and decided at once that it was impossible to hope for the recovery of the patient unless he could breathe again his native air; but, as he could not return to Rio, the physician instantly prescribed that there should be concocted in the sick chamber a compound of the most villanous [illegible] To make a long story short, the [illegible]red.

"But at the date o[illegible]nce is much more tolerable [illegible] hermetically-sealed casks [illegible]ced, and carts, at convenie[illegible]em, and their contents are conveye[illegible] very distant point from the city. Soon Rio will have a good system of sewerage, the plans for which were laid before the Minister of the Empire in 1854. When this is accomplished, no tropic city will surpass it as an abode both healthful and agreeable.

"The Praia do Flamengo, saving this drawback when the wind is in a wrong direction, is one of the most delightful suburbs for the residence of a foreigner. One hour after the tigers have finished their labors, the atmosphere is as free from anything disagreeable as if nought but the fragrance of orange-flowers had been wafted from the Gloria and the neighboring gardens; and the morning light shines upon a pure white beach.

Street paving is a funny affair, and remarkable for its music and slowness. The Praiaa do Flamengo mentioned above, is sometimes attacked by the fierce waves of the old Atlantic, which force themselves within the narrow entrance to the harbor.

"In May, 1853, a storm prevailed for several days, and a strong wind blew in the waves of the ocean with great directness against the protecting walls, and the strife was one of the fiercest that I ever witnessed in contending nature. As they struck the parapet they dashed eighty feet in height, thus showering and flooding the gaily-painted residences, and at the same time, in their retreat, undermining the land-side of the wall, so that for hundreds of feet between the Rua da Princeza and the Rua do Principe the municipality had a heavy job for some favorite contractor. (The paving of the streets was a never-failing source of amusement to me during my first year at Rio. Look at the pavers in the Rua S. Jose. The paving-ram is the 'three-man beetle' of Shakspeare. A trio of slaves are called to their work by a rapid solo, executed with a hammer upon an iron bar. The three seize the ram; one—the *maestro*, distinguished by a hat—wails forth a ditty, which the others join in chorus, at the same time lifting the beetle from the ground, and bringing it down with a heavy blow. A rest of a few moments occurs, and then the ditty, chorus, and thump are resumed; but, as may be imagined, the streets of Rio are by no means rapidly paved.) The damage done to the Praia do Flamingo required more than one year for reparation. A battle between the sea and the land like that of 1853 does not often occur; the rule is peacefulness and amiability, for the huge waves themselves, that seem to foam so angrily, are only joyous in their giant sport, and, once touching the myriad sands, kiss them in their gentlest mood, and hasten silently back to their boisterous companions."



We shall probably refer to this instructive and interesting work on some future occasion. It is in one large volume, octavo, and is profusely illustrated with steel, stone, wood, and colored engravings.

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* Literally *black sand*—a favorite snuff.

† The sewerage of Rio was formerly very defective, and slaves, nicknamed "tigers," conveyed each night to the water's edge the accumulated offal of the city, and the next tide swept it out to sea.

High and Low Foreheads.—A contemporary says:—"The notion that high foreheads in women are indispensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology. Not long ago, many a 'fine lady' shaved her head, to give it an 'intellectual' appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably originated in a similar manner. When the somewhat peculiar fact is considered, that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look, and that from *frons* (forehead) comes the word effrontery, it will not be wondered at that the ancient painters, sculptors, and poets, considered a low forehead a charming thing in a woman, and indispensable to womanly beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead, and Martial commends the same grace of feature as decidedly as he praises the arched eyebrow. Nature, a higher authority still, has distinguished many of the most beautiful of the sex in the same way." When we add that some of the most intellectual women who have left the world mementoes of their genius, have been remarkable for low, broad foreheads, and that a high forehead is by no means a sign of intellectuality, nor a low forehead of the lack of it; but that, on the contrary, the manner of the hair growing low on the forehead is a purely feminine mark—the intellectual faculties of the brain frequently lying above the dividing line of the hair—we hope ladies will hereafter not mar their fair brows by that remnant of barbarism, a razor. The face denoting intellect can not be mistaken, let the hair grow ever so low or high on the forehead. The expression of the eyes, the cast of the countenance, the breadth of the brow, all speak unerringly of the capacity of the brain; and where Nature has set her seal, no ingenuity of art can effect anything but to mar her divine work.

IN THE MEADOW MOWING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Away across the waving fields,
  Where light-winged birds are singing,
Where summer breezes stir the leaves,
  A breath of fragrance bringing,
With many a faint and fluttering thought,
  My foolish heart is going,
To where a handsome country lad
  Is in the meadow mowing.

He's merry from the morn 'till night,
  As any happy linnet;
His step along the garden walk,
  Has worlds of music in it:
His voice is like the silvery brook,
  That at my feet is flowing;
I fear the lad has got my heart—
  That's in the meadow mowing.

And if a crown were offered me,
  And I were wise to bear it,
And twine it round with laurel leaves,
  I wouldn't go and wear it.
I'd rather breathe the country air,
  And see the clover growing,
And list the whistle of the lad
  That's in the meadow mowing.

A Sensible French Husband.—Madame de X—— gave a private thertrical performance at her chateau a few days since. A very important chambermaid part had been given to Mme. de F——, a charming lady. She had obtained, not without trouble, the permission of her husband to act. He didn't like plays, and didn't fancy seeing his wife take part in them. Twice or thrice he had revoked his permission, but had been coaxed into giving it again.

The evening came. The husband had received no invitation, but bribed the carpenter to let him in quietly behind the scenes, and came in just at the time when the walking gentleman of the play was kissing his wife.

"Holloa! stop that! I don't like it!" said he, walking on the stage in the midst of a general consternation.

They told him that it was the business of the play.

"No matter, cut it out."

"But it is indispensable."

"She has four more kisses to receive," maliciously observed one of the amateur actresses.

"Four!" cried the husband in horror.

"Let us go on," said the director, "we are losing time."

"Give the part to another actress," said M. de F——, "my wife plays no more."

"Impossible. It is too late for a change."

"That's not my business," said the husband, and coolly withdrew his wife.—*Translated for the Boston Gazette.*

Zinc not a New Metal.—By the analysis of some of the most ancient coins, and of metallic vessels taken from the excavations of Herculaneum, it is found that they contain a portion of zinc. Yet to the modern zinc is a new metal. Less than a century ago zinc was not considered as a metal at all. Homburg, a philosopher, who wrote about that period, says, "zinc is a compound of iron and tin;" thus implying that it had no individual existence, but that it was a compound. Such, however, is not found to be the case by modern chemists.

A LONDON ASTROLOGER.

Lieutenant Morrison, formerly of the Royal Navy of England, whose name does *not* figure among the printed records of "Men of the Time," though he is certainly an original as well as a voluminous author, is about publishing a book which, if noticed *at all*, will puzzle the critics. It would be unfair not to give its title in full, viz: "The Solar System as it Is, and not as it is Represented. Showing that the Sun's motion through space, admitted by all Astronomers, proves the impossibility of the planetary bodies moving in ellipses; also showing that the Earth and the Planets do not move round the Sun, and that the Moon does not revolve round the Earth." This is about as bold a novelty as Cullen's theory that the Sun is a luminary somewhat about six feet in diameter. Morrison, who was an active and energetic officer on board ship thirty years ago, had the fortune to be placed in command of a company of the Coast Preventive Guard on the Irish coast, in a wild part of the country, where he was far from society—his only business being to look out for smugglers, and prevent their landing contraband goods to the detriment of the public revenue. Thrown into this almost solitude, with a smattering of science, he fell back on the few books to be met in an out-of-the-way place. Among them were sundry treatises on Astrology and Alchemy, which the naval Lieutenant read and re-read until he became indoctrinated with their theories. With alchemical pursuits he did little beyond reading, but went so thoroughly into Astrology as to form the belief that, "like the Chaldeans, he could read the stars." Retiring from the service about five-and-twenty years ago, he fixed his residence near Liverpool, where he set up as a professed fortune teller. Not one of your vulgar, advertising, puffing quacks, but as a Master in the Science. He cast nativities, *secundum artem*, at not less than five guineas a-head, and had business, in that line, from all parts of England. By great good luck, many of his predictions came out true—one, in particular, where he foretold that by a certain day a Liverpool publisher (an unbeliever) would break a limb, which accident actually occurred before the time stated had expired, the skeptic getting a compound fracture of the leg. Morrison actually invented an apparatus for foretelling the weather, by measuring the quantity of electricity in the air, and ascertaining the amount of humidity in the atmosphere. The instrument is very simple, and is believed to have been well contrived. The Meteorological Society of London admitted the inventor into honorary membership, on the strength of its merits, and he deluded himself with the vain hope that it was to make his fortune. In that hope he shifted his tent to London, where his business name, "Zadkiel, the Seer," was already well known. Here he commenced, "Zadkiel's Almanack," in opposition to the well known prophetic annual called "Vox Stellarum, by Francis Moor, Physician," on which, for a century and a half, two-thirds of the country-folk over England had placed immense reliance. But Zadkiel was a vast improvement on Moor. In the latter, the weather-prophecy for each month ran regularly down the page, somewhat in this manner: *Expect—much—rain—about—this—time—if—not—it—will—be—otherwise.*—But Zadkiel took a bolder flight, and gave a distinct prophecy for the weather of every day through the coming year. Very often he was right, of course—as he was too knowing to predict summer-heat in January, or promise snow and frost in June. Against him, in a year or two, sprung up Patrick Murphy, with a Weather Almanac of his own. This publication declared that January 16, 1838, would be the very coldest day in England since the great frost of 1812, and so it turned out! The newspapers chronicled the circumstance, and there then ensued such a rush for "Murphy" that policemen had to guard the premises of Whittaker, the publisher, while a sale of nearly 500,000 copies took place in a few weeks. Murphy published almanacs up to 1848, when he died in great poverty; but his first great guess was never equalled.

From predicting weather, Zadkiel speedily rose to predicting events. His Almanac contained under each month a set of magniloquent vaticinations of events to happen every year. He wrote so vaguely, that some of his soothsayings might be taken as fulfilled. And each year, recapitulating the occurrences, he would boldly claim the merit of having foretold all of the most important. He omitted all enumeration of his blunders. Zadkiel's Almanac is still issued, and has become a pretty property. Zadkiel has edited William Lilly's works, and other books of that class. He lives near London (not far from Windsor,) getting rich on the credulity of the wealthy; and many who disbelieve the common report that Queen Victoria secretly consults the noted old woman in Westminster Road (who must have her hand crossed with gold,) are fully persuaded that Zadkiel is her confidential friend and counsellor! At all events, he is a sharp, knowing fellow. He really has some knowledge of astronomy, and, at any rate, will be likely to argue with considerable plausibility that the Earth and planets do not move round the sun, and that the moon does not revolve round the earth.

A Shoemaker's Revenge.—An amusing incident of late occurred in a French village. A shoemaker, living opposite the tavern, had run up something of a bill, in slaking his thirst, for alcoholics; but when reckoning day came, the knight of Crispin found himself minus the necessary funds to settle the same. Thereupon the inexorable landlord took his coat in pledge, and politely conducted him to the door, *en chemise*, with a complaisant "good evening," and the assurance that he should have his coat again when his bill was settled. The shoemaker then retired to meditate upon some signal vengeance, which he commenced putting into execution the following morning. His neighbor of the inn had a goodly breed of fowls, which the Crispin enticed into his shop, with throwing crumbs of bread to them. Flattered with this delicate attention, the poultry resorted every morning, *en masse*, to their friend's retreat, to partake of his hospitality; when, one fine morning, the shoemaker made prisoners of the whole house of unsuspecting guests, and having plucked their feathers, sent them home with a message, that when their master returned him his coat, they would receive theirs. This act of retaliation occasioned a law-suit, in which poor Crispin got the worst of it.

EDITH TO ALLAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

O'er the green roofs of
  The dear ones laid low,
The summer-time glories
  In loveliness blow.

Hushed lie the true hearts,
  But o'er the pale dead
The dainty June roses
  Blush purple and red!

Low trails the lily,
  Beat down by the rain,
But the sunshine shall lift it
  In splendor again;

And the hills burn with beauty
  When Winter is o'er;
But the heart that is trampled
  Will blossom no more.

Bruised by the rough world,
  Forsaken and lorn,
I am the saddest
  That ever was born!

Robbed of thy trust, and
  Thrown lightly away,
The wild heart that loved thee
  Lies broken to-day.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Pleasant Grove.

Growth of Mind.—We wonder, indeed, when we are told, that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and of a Hottentot may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. There is another view still more striking. This Newton, who lifted his calm, sublime eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and the stars the great law of the material universe, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, without one clear perception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength of an all-sacrificing benevolence, explored the depths of human suffering, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, wholly absorbed in himself, grasping at all he saw, and almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion, when the idlest toy was withheld. Has not man already traversed as wide a space as separates him from angels?—*Channing.*

Useful Receipts.

Treatment of Founder.—As soon as it is ascertained that the horse is foundered, take from the neck vein from one to two gallons of blood, according to the size and condition of the animal, give one ounce of alum, either powdered or mixed with damp oats, or as drought, place the horse in a dry stall (ground floor is best,) wrap his legs as high as the knees and hock joints with woollen cloths; saturate them with cold water, and keep them so for seven or eight hours, give him no food for twenty-four hours, and then let it be a light feed of oats and bran mixed. In two or three days your horse will be fit for almost any kind of service. If his ankles continue feverish, bathe them at night with equal parts of vinegar, alcohol, and sweet oil.—*Yorkville (S. C.) Chronicle.*

Swallowing Poison.—If poison should be swallowed accidentally, take two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, mixed in warm water. It will operate as an instantaneous emetic.

Healing Ointment for Wounds, &c.—Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti, and put them in a small basin by the side of the fire, till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materia in it.

Remedy for the Botts.—Take from the foreleg of the horse, the scab that grows on the inside of the arm of the leg, pound it fine, and put it into a pint of spirits of gin, if you can get it; put it into a bottle and turn it down the throat of the horse, the botts will "let go," as it is termed, immediately; and the horse will eat in five minutes. The above is a sure remedy.

To Remove Nettles.—I have found that thoroughly bruising the leaves and stems, by beating with a stick early in the spring, repeating this whenever they reappear, destroys them in less than a couple of years. Digging and weeding will not.—*Cor. London Field.*

How to Preserve the Skins of Animals.—Nail the fresh skin tightly and smoothly against a door, keeping the skinny side out. Next proceed with a broad-bladed blunt knife to scrape away all loose pieces of flesh and fat; then rub in much chalk, and be not sparing of labor; when the chalk begins to powder and fall off take the skin down, fill it with finely-ground alum, wrap it closely together, and keep it so in a dry place for two or three days; at the end of that time unfold it, shake out the alum, and the work is over. I have now a ca skin which I dressed this fashion above two years ago; the hair has never fallen; pliable as kid, and free from smell.—*Cor. London Field.*

Remedy for Snake Bite.—While crossing the Yellow river in Iowa, our dog was bitten by a rattlesnake. In the course of five mi he could not travel. We carried him to farmer's cabin, where we procured some vinegar, in which we mixed gunpowder, and applied to the wound. It swelled no more, in fifteen minutes he travelled well.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

Hard Cement.—The following cement has been used with great success in covering terraces, lining basins, soldering stones, &c., everywhere resists the filtration of water, so hard that it scratches iron. It is form ninety-three parts of well-burnt brick, and seven parts of litharge, made plastic with linseed oil. The brick and litharge are pulverized; the latter must always be reduced to very fine powder; they are mixed together and enough of linseed oil added. It is then applied in the manner of plaster, the body that is to be covered being always previously wetted with a sponge. This precaution is indispensable, otherwise the oil would filter through the body, and prevent the mastic from acquiring the desired degree of hardness. When it is extended over a large surface, it sometimes happens to have flaws in it, which must be filled up with a fresh quantity of the cement. In three or four days it becomes firm.

THE BIRTH-DAY POEMS OF AGASSIZ.

[The following poems by Longfellow and Lowell, copied from *Dwight's Journal of Music*, were read at a late private dinner given in Boston in honor of the fiftieth birth-day of the eminent Swiss scientifician, Prof. Agassiz:]

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story book
Thy father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

LONGFELLOW.

A health to him who reached to-day
Life's height of water-shedding,
Where Hope and Memory kiss and say,
Let's keep our golden wedding;
To him whose glow the heart could reach
Of glaciers that he studied,
Who learned whatever fish could teach,
Except to be cold-blooded!

To him who, if our earth were lost,
And Nature wanted counsel,
Could make it over at less cost
From ridgepole down to groun'sill;
Could call the Dodo back to youth,
Could call Ornithorhynchus,
Nay, were we gone, from just a tooth
Could good as new re-think us!

To him who every egg has scanned,
From roc to flea included,
Save those which savans find so grand
In nests where mares have brooded;
To him who gives us such full leave
(His pedigree amended)
To choose a private Adam and Eve
From whom to be descended!

But stay—for chance-come thoughts are best,
I meant the health to proffer
Of him, our friend there and our guest,
And yet not that I offer;
No, rather drink this toast with me,
Worth any common dozen;
Here's Adam and Eve Agassiz,
To whom we owe our cousin!

LOWELL.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LV.

A CRUEL PROSCRIPTION.

The open space in front of the hovel was occupied by a group of women—most of them young girls. There were six or seven; I did not count them. There were two or three men, Mexicans, mixed up in the group. Rube was in their midst, endeavoring in his broken Spanish to give them consolation and assurance of safety. Poor victims! they needed both.

The women were half-naked—some of them simply *en chemise*. Their long black hair fell loosely over their shoulders, looking tossed, wet, and draggly. There was blood upon it; there was blood upon their cheeks in seams half dried, but still dropping. The same horrid red mottled their necks and bosoms, and there was blood upon the hands that had wiped them. A red-brown blotch appeared upon the foreheads of all. In the moonlight, it looked as if the skin had been burnt. I rode closer to one, and examined it; it was a brand—the fire-stamp of red-hot iron. The skin around was scarlet, but in the midst of this halo of inflammation I could distinguish, from their darker hue, the outlines of the two letters I wore upon my button—the well-known "U. S."

She who was nearest me raised her hands, and tossing back from her cheeks thick clustered hair, cried out:

"*Miralo, senor!*"

Oh, Heaven! my flesh crept as I looked upon the source of that crimson hemorrhage. Her ears had been clipped off—they were wanting!

I needed no further uplifting of their hair to satisfy me that the others had been served in like manner; the red stream still trickling down their necks was evidence enough.

The men, too, had been similarly abused. Two of them had suffered still further mutilation. They held up their right arms before my face—not their hands. *There were no hands.* I saw the hanging sleeve, and the blood-steeped bandage on the stump. Their hands had been chopped off at the wrists. Horrid sight!

Both men and women gathered around me, clasping my knees, and uttering prayers and entreaties. No doubt, most of them were known to me by sight; but their features were now unrecognizable. They had been the friends and sweethearts of the corps, and my followers were already addressing them by name. The lovers of one or two were present, and embraced them.

One appeared more richly costumed than the rest, and upon her my eyes had fallen, as I first rode up. I almost dreaded to approach her, she stood a little apart; but no—it could not be—she was not tall enough; besides, the ruffians would not dare—"

"Your name, senorita?"

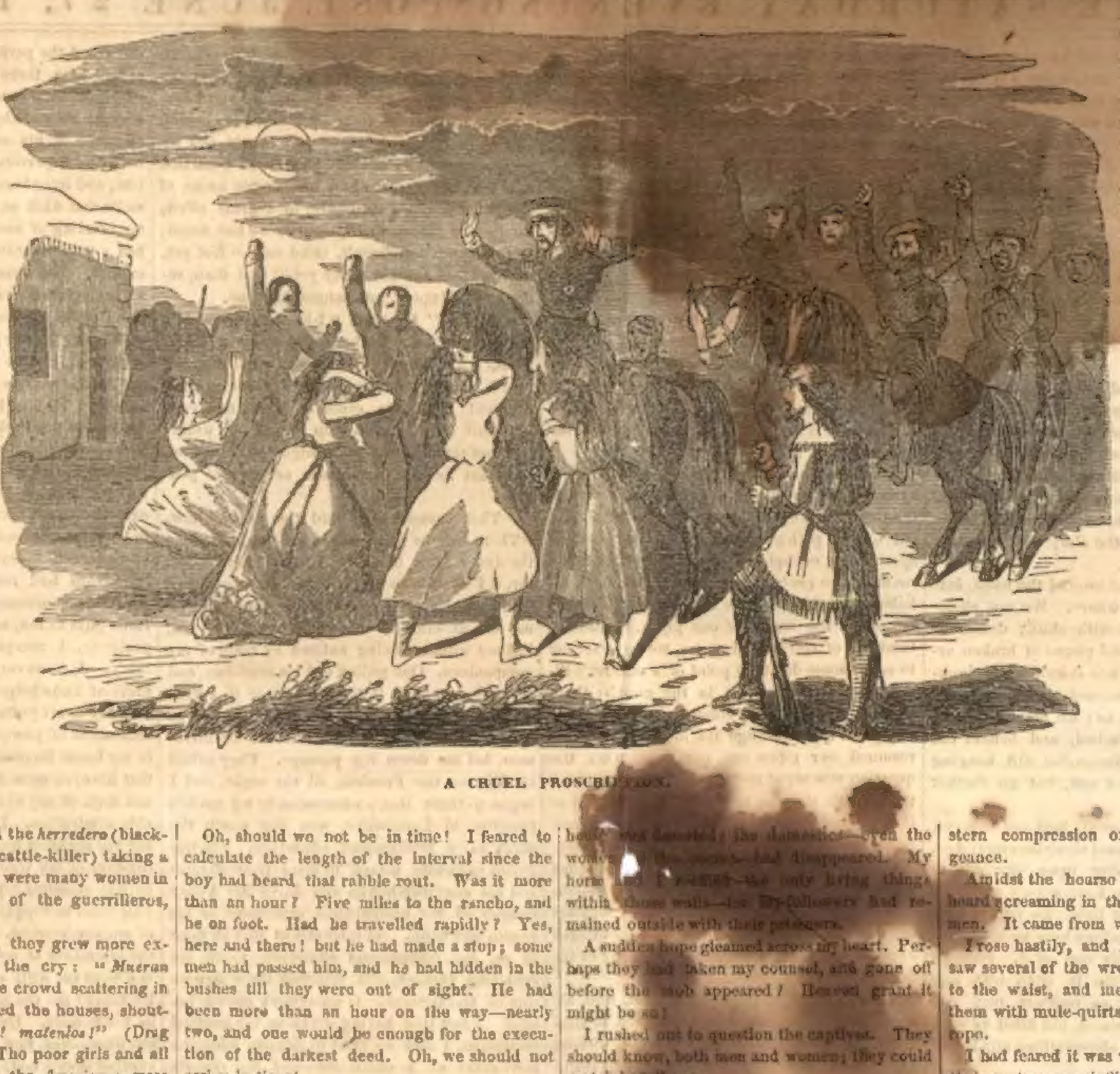
"*Conchita, senor—la hija del alcalde.*"

The tears burst from her eyes, mingling with blood as they ran down her cheeks. Oh, that I too could have wept! Poor Wheatley! he was not with us. He had yet to receive the blow; it would soon fall.

My heart was on fire; so were those of my followers. They swore and foamed at the mouth. Some drew pistols and knives, calling out to me to lead them on. Never saw I men in such a frenzy of rage; the most cold-blooded among them seemed to have suddenly gone mad.

I could scarcely restrain them, till we should hear the tale. We guessed it already; but we needed some details to assist us in executing vengeance. It was told by many mouths, interrupting or confirming one another. One of the men was more coherent—Pedro, who used to sell mezcal to the troop. To him we listened. The substance of his story was as follows:

Shortly after we had left the rancheria, it was entered by the guerrilleros with cries of "*Viva Santa Anna! Viva Mexico!*" and "*Death to the Yankees!*" They commenced by breaking open several *tiendas*, and drinking mezcal and whatever they could find. They were joined by the mob of the place—by *leperos* and others. Pedro noticed the *herredero* (blacksmith) and the *matador* (cattle-killer) taking a conspicuous part. There were many women in the mob—the mistresses of the guerrilleros, and others of the town.



A CRUEL PROSCRIPTION.

After drinking a while, they grew more excited. Then was heard the cry: "*Mueran los Ayankeados!*" and the crowd scattering in different directions, entered the houses, shouting, "*Saquenlos afuera! matenlos!*" (Drag them out! kill them!) The poor girls and all who had been friendly to the *Americanos* were dragged into the plazza amidst the oaths and execrations of the guerrilla, and hisses and hootings from the mob. They were spit upon, called by filthy names, pelted with mud and melon-rinds, and then some of the crowd cried out to *mark* them, so that their friends the *Tejanos* should know them again. The women were more furious than the men, and excited the latter to the deed, calling to the blacksmith:

"*Traiga el fierro! traiga el fierro!*" (Bring the branding-iron!)

Others cried out: "*Sacan las orejas!*" (Cut off their ears!)

The brutal blacksmith and butcher, both half drunk, obeyed the call—willingly, Pedro alleged. The former used the branding-iron, already prepared, while the latter performed his bloody office with the knife of his trade!

Most of the guerrilleros wore masks. The leaders were all masked, and watched the proceedings from the roof of the alcalde's house. One Pedro knew in spite of his disguise; he knew him by his great size and red hair; it was the *salteador*, El Zorro. Others he guessed at; but he had no doubt it was the band of Don Rafael Ijurra—nor had we.

Had they left the rancheria before Pedro and the others came away?

Pedro thought not; he and the other victims, as soon as they got out of the hands of the mob, had fled to the chapparal, and were making for the American camp when met by our scouts. They were straggling along the road one after the other; Rube had detained them by the rancho, till we should come up.

Pedro feared that they were not all—that there were other victims; the alcalde, he feared, had been worse than mutilated—he had been *murdered*.

This last information the poor fellow imparted in a whisper—at the same time casting a sorrowful look towards Conchita. I had not the courage to inquire farther.

The question arose whether we should send back for more men, and wait till they arrived, or advance at once to the rancheria. The former was negatived with unanimous voice. We were strong enough, and vengeance was impatient. I was joyed by the decision; *I* could not have waited.

The women were directed to continue on to the ranger-camp; Pedro, mounted behind one of the men, should go with us. We needed him for the purposes of *identification*.

We were about to move forward, when a figure appeared along the road in the direction we were going to take. On coming within sight of us, the figure was seen to skulk and hide in the bushes. Rube and Garey ran rapidly forward, and in a few minutes returned bringing with them a Mexican youth—another of the victims!

He had left the scene of his sufferings somewhat later than the rest.

Was the guerrilla still in the place?

No; they were gone from the village.

"Whither?" was the anxious interrogatory.

They have taken the up-river road, *towards the hacienda de Vargas.* They had passed the boy as he lay concealed among some aloes; he had heard their cries as they rushed past.

"What cries?"

They shouted: "*Mueran al traidor y traidora! Mueran al padre y hija! Isolina la p—t—a!*"

"Oh, merciful God!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE GUERRILLA.

I stayed to hear no more, but drove the spur against the ribs of my horse, till he sprang in full gallop along the road. Eager as were my men to follow, 'twas as much as they could do to keep up.

We no longer thought of scouts or cautious marching. The trappers had mounted, and were galloping with the rest. We thought only of *time*.

We rode for the hacienda de Vargas, straight up the river. Although it was beyond the rancheria, we could reach it without passing through the latter—which lay some distance back from the stream. We could return to the village afterwards, but first for the hacienda. There I wished to arrive in the shortest time possible. The miles flew behind us, like the dust of the road.

Oh, should we not be in time! I feared to calculate the length of the interval since the boy had heard that rabble rout. Was it more than an hour? Five miles to the rancho, and he on foot. Had he travelled rapidly? Yes, here and there! but he had made a stop; some men had passed him, and he had hidden in the bushes till they were out of sight. He had been more than an hour on the way—nearly two, and one would be enough for the execution of the darkest deed. Oh, we should not arrive in time!

There was no delay now. We were going at top-speed, and in silence, scarcely exchanging a word. Alone might be heard the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bits, or the ringing of steel scabbards. Neither the slimy gutter nor the deep rut of *carreta* wheels stayed our advance; our horses leaped over, or went weltering through them.

In five minutes we came to the *rinconada*, were the road forked—the left branch leading to the village. We saw no one, and kept on by the right, the direct road to the hacienda. Another mile, and we should reach the house; a quarter of that distance, and we should come in sight of it; the trees alone hindered our view of its walls. On—on!

What means that light? Is the sun rising in the West? Is the chapparal on fire? Whence comes the yellow gleam, half intercepted by the trunks of the trees? It is not the moon!

"Ho! the hacienda is in flames!"

No—it cannot be? A house of stone, with scarcely enough timber to make a blaze! It cannot be that?

It is not that. We emerge from the forest; the hacienda is before our eyes. Its white walls gleam under a yellow light—the light of fire, but not of a conflagration. The house stands intact. A huge bonfire burns in front of the portal; it was this that caused the glare through the forest.

We draw up, and gaze upon it with surprise. We behold a huge pile—the material supplied from the household stack of dry fagots—a vast blaze drowning the pale moonshine. We can see the hacienda, and all around it, as distinctly as by the light of day!

For what purpose is this holocaust of crackling acacias?

Around the fire we behold many forms, living and moving. There are men, women, dogs, and saddled horses. Huge joints are roasting over the red coals, and others, roasted, are being greedily eaten. Are they savages who surround that blazing pile? No—we can see their faces with full distinctness, the white skins and black beards of the men, the cotton garments of the women; we can see sombreros and serapes, cloth cloaks and calzoneros of velveteen, sashes and sabres; we can distinguish their voices as they shout, sing, and carouse; we note their lascivious movements in the national dance—the *fandango*. No Indians they! 'Tis a bivouac of the guerrilleros—the ruffians for whom we are in search.

Oh, that I had listened to the voice of prudence, and adopted the strategy of a surround! But my blood was boiling, and I feared to lose even a moment of time, lest we might be too late. But one or two of my followers counselled delay, and, as the event proved, they were the wisest. The rest, like myself, were impatient for action.

The word was given; and like hounds, fresh loosed from the leash, we rushed forward with a charging cheer.

It was the madness of fools. Well knew our enemy the hoarse Texan "hurrah!" It had been shouted to terrify them, when there was no need. They would never have stood ground.

The shout warned them, causing them to scatter like a herd of deer. The steep hill proved too heavy for our horses; and before we could reach its summit, the main body of the guerrilla had mounted and scampered off into the darkness. Six of them fell to our shots, and as many more, with their she-associates, remained prisoners in our hands; but as usual that subtle coward had contrived to escape. Pursuit was idle; they had taken to the dark woods beyond the hill.

I thought not of pursuit; my mind was bent on a far different purpose.

I rode into the *patio*. The court was lit up by the glare of the fire. It presented a picture of ruin. Rich furniture was scattered about in the verandah and over the pavement, broken or tumbled down. I called her name—the name of Don Ramon. Loudly and earnestly did I raise my voice, but echo gave the only reply.

I dismounted, and rushed into the verandah, still vociferating, and still without receiving a response. I hurried from room to room—from *cuarto* to *sala*—from sala to *saguan*—up to the azotea—everywhere—even to the *capilla* in the rear. The moonbeams gleamed upon the altar, but no human form was there. The whole being [illegible]; the domestics—even the wo[illegible] had disappeared. My hors[illegible] the only living things within [illegible] walls—[illegible] followers had remained outside with their prisoners.

A sudden hope gleamed across my heart. Perhaps they had taken my counsel, and gone off before the mob appeared? Heaven grant it might be so!

I rushed out to question the captives. They should know, both men and women; they could certainly tell me.

A glance showed me I was too late to receive information from the men. A large pecan tree stood at one corner of the building. The firelight glared upon it; from its branches hung six human forms with drooping heads, and feet far from the earth. They had just ceased to live!

One told me that the herredero was among them, and also the cruel matador. Pedro had identified both. The others were *pelados* of the town, who had borne part in the affair of the day. Their judges had made quick work, and equally quick had been the ceremony of execution. Lazos had been reeved over the limbs of the pecan, and with these all six had been jerked up without shrift or prayer!

It was not revenge for which I panted. I turned to the women; many of these had made off, but there were still a dozen or more in the hands of the men. They looked haggard with drink; some sullen, and some terrified. They had reason to be afraid.

In answer to my questions, they shook their heads, but gave me no information. Some remained doggedly silent; others denied all knowledge of Don Ramon or his daughter. Threats had no effect. They either knew not, or *feared to tell* what had befallen them. Oh, Heaven! could it be the latter?

I was turning away angered and despairing, when my eyes fell upon a figure that seemed to skulk under the shadow of the walls. A shout of joy escaped me as I recognized the boy Cyprio; he was just emerging from his place of concealment.

"Cyprio!" I cried.

"*Si senor,*" answered he, advancing rapidly to where I stood.

"Tell me, Cyprio! where are they gone—where—where?"

"*Carrai, senor!* these bad men have carried the *dueno* away; I do not know whither."

"The senora? the senora?"

"Oh! *caballero! es una cosa espantosa!*" (It is a terrible thing.)

"Quick, tell me all! Quickly, Cyprio!"

"Senor, there came men with black masks, who broke into the house and carried off the master; then they dragged out Dona Isolina into the patio! *Ay de mi!* I cannot tell you what they did before—*pobre senorita!* There was blood running down her neck and all over her breast; she was not dressed, and I could see it. Some went to the caballeriza, and led out the white horse—the steed that was brought from the *llanos*. Upon his back they bound Dona Isolina. *Valga me dios!* such a sight!"

"Go on!"

"Then, senor, they led the horse across the river, and out to the plain beyond. All went along, to see the sport, as they said—*ay de mi!* such sport! I did not go, for they beat and threatened me [illegible]; but I saw all from the hill-top, where I had hidden myself in the bushes. *Oh, Santissima Maria!*"

"Go on!"

"[illegible], they stuck *cohetes* in the hips of [illegible] and set them on fire, and pulled off the [illegible], and the steed went off, with fire-rockets after him, and Dona Isolina tied down upon his back—*pobre senorita!* I could see the horse till he was far, far away upon the *llano*, and then I could see him no more. *Dios de mi alma! la nina esta pardida!*" (Alas! the young lady is lost.)

"Some water! Rube! Garey! Friends—water! water!—"

I made an attempt to reach the fountain in the patio; but, after staggering dizzily a pace or two, my strength failed me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LVII.

TAKING THE TRAIL.

I had merely swooned. My nerves and frame were still weak from the blood-letting I had received in the combat of yesterday. The shock of the horrid news was too much for my powers of endurance.

I was insensible only for a short while; the cold water revived me.

When consciousness returned, I was by the fountain, my back leaning against its parapet edge; Rube, Garey, and others were around me. From my dripping garments, I perceived that they had *douched* me, and one was pouring a fiery spirit down my throat. There were men on horseback, who had ridden into the patio—the iron hoofs causing the court to ring. They were rangers, but not those who had left camp in my company. Some had arrived since, and others were still galloping up.—Those girls had reached the ranger camp, and told their tale. The men had not waited for orders, or even for one another, but rushing to their horses, took the road in twos and threes. Every moment, a horseman, or several together, came riding forward in hot haste, carrying their rifles, as if ready for action, and uttering loud cries of indignation.

Wheatley had arrived among the foremost. Poor fellow! his habitual buoyancy had departed; the gay smile was gone from his lips. His eyes were on fire, and his teeth set in the stern compression of heart-consuming vengeance.

Amidst the hoarse shouting of the men, I heard screaming in the shriller voices of women. It came from without.

I rose hastily, and ran towards the spot; I saw several of the wretched captives stripped to the waist, and men in the act of flogging them with mule-quirts and pieces of raw-hide rope.

I had feared it was worse; I had feared that their captors were inflicting upon them a *retaliation in kind*. But no—angry as were my followers, they had not proceeded to such a fiendish extremity.

It required all the authority of a command to put an end to the distressing spectacle. They desisted at length, and the screeching and affrighted wretches were permitted to take themselves away—all disappearing rapidly beyond the light of the fire.

At this crisis, a shout was raised, "To the rancheria, to the rancheria!" and instantly a party, with Wheatley and Holingsworth at its head, rode off for the village. Pedro went along with them.

I waited not for their return; I had formed a plan of action for myself, that would admit of no delay in its execution.

At first, stunned by the blow, and the distraction of my swooning senses, I had not been able to *think*; as soon as the confusion passed, and I could reflect more clearly, the course I ought to pursue was at once apparent. Vengeance I had felt as the first impulse, and a strong desire to follow up the fiend Ijurra—night and day to follow him—though the pursuit should lead me into the heart of the hostile ground.

This was but a momentary impulse: vengeance must be stifled for the time. A path was to be taken that widely diverged from that of the retreating guerrilla—*the trail of the white steed.*

Mounting Cyprio, and choosing from my band half-a-dozen of the best *trackers*, was the work of a moment. In another, we were in the saddle; and descending the hill, we plunged rapidly through the stream, crossed the skirting timber, and soon reached the open prairie.

Under Cyprio's guidance, we found the spot desecrated by that cruel display. The ground was trampled by many hoofs; fragments of paper—powder-blackened—broken rocket-sticks, and half-burnt fuses, strewed the sward—the pyrotechnic *reliquiæ* of the fiendish spectacle.

We halted not there. By the aid of our guide and the moonlight, we rode clear of the confusion; and taking up the trail of the horse, struck off upon it, and were soon far out upon the prairie.

For more than a mile we advanced at a gallop. Time was everything. Trusting to the intelligence of the Mexican boy, we scarcely scrutinized the track, but made directly for the point where the horse had been last seen.

Cyprio's information did not deceive us. A *motte* of timber had served him as a mark; the steed had passed close to its edge. Beyond it he had seen him no more.

Beyond it, we found the tracks, easily recognizable by Rube, Garey, and myself. There was a peculiarity by which we were prevented from mistaking them: three of the prints were clearly cut in the turf—almost perfect circles—the curve of the fourth—of the off fore-foot—was interrupted by a slight indentation, where a piece had been broken from the hoof. It had been done in that terrible leap upon the rocky bed of the barranca.

Taking the trail again, we kept on—now advancing at a slower pace, and with a greater degree of caution. Late rains had moistened the prairie turf, and we could perceive the tracks without dismounting. At intervals, there were stretches of drier surface, where the hoof had scarcely left its impression. In such places, one leaped from the saddle and led the way on foot. Rube or Garey usually performed this office; and so rapidly did they move along the trail, that our horses were seldom in a walk. With bodies half bent, and eyes gliding along the ground, they pressed forward like hounds running by the scent, but, unlike these, the trackers made no noise. Not a word was spoken by any one. I had no list for speech; my agony was too intense for utterance.

With Cyprio I had conversed upon the harrowing theme, and that only at starting. From him I had gathered further details. No doubt, the matador had performed his office.

Cyprio had seen blood; it was streaming down her neck and over her bosom: her slight garments were stained red with it. He knew not whence it came, or why she was bleeding. He was not present when that blood had been drawn; it was in her chamber, he thought. She was bleeding when the ruffians dragged her forth!

Belike, too, the herredero had done his work? Cyprio had seen the blacksmith, but not the *fierro*. He heard they had branded some at the plaza, among others the daughter of the alcalde—*pobre Conchita!* He did not see them brand the Dona Isolina.

The ruffian deed might have been accomplished for all that; there was plenty of time, while the boy lay hid.

How was she placed upon the horse?

Despite my heart's bitterness, as I put these interrogatories, I could not help thinking of the Cossack legend. The famed classic picture came vividly before my mind. Wide was the distance between the Ukraine and the Rio Bravo. Had the monsters who re-enacted this scene on the banks of the Mexican river—had these ever heard of Mazeppa? Possibly their leader had; but still more probable that the fiendish thought was original.

The fashion at least was. Cyprio had seen and could describe it.

She was laid longitudinally upon the back of the steed, her head resting upon the point of his shoulder. Her face was downward, her cheek touching the withers. Her arms embraced the neck, and her wrists were made fast under the animal's throat. Her body was held in position by means of a belt around her waist, attached to a surcingle on the horse—both tightly buckled. In addition to this, her ankles, bound together by a thong, were fastened to the croup, with her feet projecting beyond the hips!

I groaned as I listened to the details.

The ligature was perfect—cruelly complete. There was no hope that such fastenings would give way. Those thongs of raw-hide would not come undone. Horse and rider could never part from that unwilling embrace—never, till hunger, thirst, death—no, not even death could part them! Oh, horror!

Not without groans could I contemplate the hideous fate of my betrothed—of her whose love had become my life.

I left the tracking to my comrades, and my horse to follow after. I rode with loose rein, and head drooping forward; I scarcely gave thought to design. My heart was well nigh broken.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE VOYAGEUR.

We had not gone far when some one closed up beside me, and muttered a word of cheer; I recognized the friendly voice of the big trapper.

"Don't be afeerd, capt'n," said he, in a tone of encouragement; "don't be afeerd! Rube and me'll find 'em afore thar's any harm done. I don't b'lieve the white hoss 'll gallip fur, knowin thar's somob'dy on his back. It war them gim-cracks that sot him off. When they burn out, he'll come to a dead halt, an then—"

"And then?" I inquired mechanically.

"We'll get up, an your black'll be able to overhaul him in a jump or two."

I began to feel hope. It was but a momentary gleam, and died out in the next instant.

"If the moon 'ud only hold out," continued Garey, with an emphasis denoting doubt.

"Rot the moon! said a voice interrupting him; "she's a gwine to guv out. Wagh!"

It was Rube who had uttered the unpleasant prognostication, in a peevish but confident tone.

All eyes were turned upward. The moon, round and white, was sailing through a cloudless sky, and almost in the zenith. How, then, was she to "give out?" She was near the full, and could not set before morning. What did Rube mean? The question was put to him.

"Look ee 'ander," said he in reply. "D'ees see thet ur black line, down low on the paraira?"

There appeared a dark streak along the horizon to the eastward. Yes, we saw it.

"Wal," continued Rube, "thar's no timber thur—ne'er a stick—nor high groun neyther; that ur's a cloud; I've seed the likes afore. Wait a bit. Wagh! In jest ten minnits, the durned thing'll kiver up the moon, an make thet putty blue sky look as black as the hide o' an Afrikin niggur—*it* will."

"I'm afeerd he's right, capt'n," said Garey, in a desponding tone. "I war doubtful 'o it myself; the sky looked too *near*. I didn't like it a bit; thar's always a change when things are better'n common."

I needed not to inquire the consequences, should Rube's prediction prove correct; that was evident to all of us. The moon once obscured by clouds, our progress would be arrested; even a horse could not be tracked in the darkness.

We were not long in suspense. Again the foresight of the old trapper proved unerring. Cumuli rolled up the sky one after another, until their black masses shrouded the moon. At first, they came only in detached clouds, and there was light at intervals; but these were only the advanced columns of a heavier body that soon appeared, and, without a break, spread itself pall-like over the firmament.

The moon's disc became entirely hidden from our view; her scattered beams died out, and the prairie lay dark as if shadowed by an eclipse.

We could follow the trail no further. The ground itself was not visible, much less the hoof-prints we had been tracing; and halting simultaneously, we drew our horses together, and sat in our saddles to deliberate upon what was best to be done.

The consultation was a short one. They who formed that little party were all men of prairie or backwoods experience, and well versed in the ways of the wilderness. It took them but little time to decide what course should be followed; and they were unanimous in their opinion. Should the sky continue clouded, we must give up the pursuit till morning, or adopt the only alternative—follow the trail by *torch-light*.

Of course the latter was determined upon. It was yet early in the night; many hours must intervene before we should have the light of day. I could not live through those long hours without action. Even though our progress might be slow, the knowledge that we were advancing would help to stifle the painfulness of reflection.

"A torch! a torch!"

Where was such a thing to be procured? We had with us no material with which to make one; there was no timber near! We were in the middle of a naked prairie. The universal mesquite—the *algar obia glandulosa*—excellent for such a purpose, grew nowhere in the neighborhood. Who was to find the torch? Even Rube's ingenuity could not make one out of nothing.

"Ecoutez, mon capitaine!" cried Le Blanc, an old voyageur—"ecoutez! vy me no ride back, et von lanterne bring from ze ville Mexicaine?"

True, why not? We were yet but a few miles from the rancheria. The Canadian's idea was a good one.

"Je connais," he continued—"know I, pe gar, ze ver spot ou—vere—sont cachees—hid les chandelles magnifiques—von, deux, tree big candles—vax, vax—"

"Wax-candles?"

"Oui—oui—messieurs! tres grand comme un baton; ze ver' [illegible] pour allumer la prairie."

"You know where they are? You could find them, Le Blanc?"

"Oui, messieurs—je connais: les chandelles sont cachees dans l'eglise—zey are in ze church hid."

"Ha! in the church?"

"Oui, messieurs; c'est un grand sacrilege, mon Dieu! ver bad; mais n'importe cela. Eef mon capitaine permis, vill allow pour aller Monsieur Quack'bosh, he go chez moi; nous chercherons; ve bring ze chandelles—pe gar ve bring him!"

From the mixed gibberish of the voyageur, I could gather his meaning well enough. He knew of a depository of wax-candles, and the church of the rancheria was the place in which they were kept. I was not in a frame of mind to care much for the sacrilege, and my companions were still less scrupulous. The act was determined upon, and Le Blanc and Quackenboss, without more delay, took the back-track for the village.

The rest of us dismounted, and picketing our horses to the grass, lay down to await the return of the messengers.

CHAPTER LIX.

TRAILING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

While thus inactive, my mind yielded itself up to the contemplation of painful probabilities. Horrid spectacles passed before my imagination. I saw the white horse galloping over the plain, pursued by wolves, and shadowed by black vultures. To escape these hungry pursuers, I saw him dash into the thick chapparal, there to encounter the red panther or the fierce prowling bear—there to encounter the sharp thorns of the acacias, the barbed spines of the cactus, and the recurving claw-like armature of the wild aloes. I could see the red blood streaming adown his white flanks—not *his* blood, but that of the helpless victim stretched prostrate along his back. I could see the lacerated limbs—the ankles chafed and swollen—the garments torn to shreds—the drooping head—the long loose hair tossed and trailing to the earth—the white wan lips—the woe-bespeaking eyes—— Oh! I could bear my reflections no longer. I sprang to my feet, and paced the prairie with the aimless, unsteady step of a madman.

Again the kind-hearted trapper approached, and renewed his efforts to console me.

"We could follow the trail," he said, "by torch or candle light, almost as fast as we could travel; we should be many miles along it before morning; may be before then we should get sight of the steed. It would not be hard to surround and capture him; now that he was half-tamed, he might not run from us; if he did, he could be overtaken. Once in view, we would not lose sight of him again. The saynyora would be safe enough; there was nothing to hurt her: the wolves would not know the 'fix' she was in, neyther the 'bars' nor 'painters.' We should be sure to come up with her before the next night, and would find her first rate; a little tired and hungry, no doubt, but nothing to hurt. We should relieve her, and rest would set all right again."

Notwithstanding the rude phrase in which these consolatory remarks were made, I appreciated the kind intent.

Garey's speech had the effect of rendering me more hopeful; and in calmer mood I awaited the return of Quackenboss and the Canadian.

These did not linger. Two hours had been allowed them to perform their errand; but long before the expiration of that period, we heard the double trampling of their horses as they came galloping across the plain.

In a few minutes they rode up, and we could see in the hands of Le Blanc three whitish objects, that in length and thickness resembled stout walking-canes. We recognized *les chandelles magnifiques.*

They were the property of the church, designed, no doubt, to have illuminated the altar upon the occasion of some grand *dia de fiesta.*

"Voila! mon capitaine!" cried the Canadian, as he rode forward—"voila les chandelles! Ah, mon Dieu! c'est von big sacrilege, et e suis bon Chretien—buen Catolico, as do call 'im ze dam Mexicaine; bien—ze bon Dieu we forgive—God ve pardon vill pour—for ze grand necessitie; sure certaine he vill me pardon—Lige et moi—ze brave Monsieur Quack'bosh."

The messengers had brought news from the village. Some rough proceedings had taken place since our departure. Men had been punished; fresh victims had been found under the guidance of Pedro and others of the abused. The trees in the church enclosure that night bore horrid fruit.

The alcalde was not dead; and Don Ramon, it was supposed, still survived, but had been carried off a prisoner by the guerrilla! The rangers were yet at the rancheria; many had been desirous of returning with Le Blanc and Quackenboss, but I had sent orders to the lieutenants to take all back to camp as soon as their affair was over. The fewer of the troop that should be absent, the less likelihood of our being missed, and those I had with me I deemed enough for my purpose. Whether successful or not, we should soon return to camp. It would then be time to devise some scheme for capturing the leader and prime actor in this terrible tragedy.

Hardly waiting to hear the story, we lighted the great candles, and moved once more along the trail.

Fortunately, the breeze was but slight, and only served to make the huge waxen torches flare more freely. By their brilliant blaze, we were enabled to take up the tracks quite as rapidly as by the moonlight. At this point, the horse had been still going at full gallop; and his course, as it ran in a direct line, rendered it more easy to be followed.

Dark as the night was, we soon perceived we were heading for a point well known to all of us—the prairie-mound; and, under a faint belief that the steed might have there come to a stop, we pressed forward with a sort of hopeful anticipation.

After an hour's hard tracking, the white cliffs loomed within the circle of our view, the shining selenite glancing back the light of our tapers, like a wall set with diamonds.

We approached with caution, still keeping on the trail, but also keenly scrutinising the ground in advance of us—in hopes of perceiving the object of our search. Neither by the cliff, nor in the gloom around, was living form to be traced.

Sure enough the steed had halted there, or, at all events, ceased from his wild gallop. He had approached the mound in a walk, as the tracks testified; but how, and in what direction had he gone thence? His hoof-prints no longer appeared. He had passed over the shingle, that covered the plain to a distance of many yards from the base of the cliff, and no track could be found beyond.

Several times we went around the mesa, carrying our candles everywhere. We saw skeletons of men and horses with skulls detached, fragments of dresses, and pieces of broken armor—souvenirs of our late skirmish—we looked into our little fortress, and gazed upon the rock that had sheltered us; we glanced up the gorge where we had climbed, and beheld the rope by which we had descended still hanging in its place; all these we saw, but no further traces of the steed!

Round and round we went, back and forward, over the stony shingle, and along its outer edge, but still without coming upon the tracks. Whither could the horse have gone?

Perhaps, with a better light, we might have found the trail; but for a long hour we searched, without striking upon any sign of it. Perhaps we might still have found it, even with our waxen torches, but for an incident that not only interrupted our search, but filled us with fresh apprehension, and almost stifled our hopes of success.

The interruption did not come unexpected. The clouds had for some time given ample warning. The big, solitary drops that at intervals fell with plashing noise upon the rocks, were but the *avant-couriers* of one of the great rain storms of the prairie, when water descends as if from a shower-bath. We knew from the signs that such a storm was nigh; and while casting around to recover the trail, it commenced in all its fury.

Almost in an instant our lights were extinguished, and our bootless search brought to a termination.

We drew up under the rocks, and stood side by side in sullen silence. Even the elements seemed against me. In my heart's bitterness, I cursed them. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOSPITAL STUDENT.

A STRANGE STORY.

Thirty years ago, I was sent to finish my education by a year or two's residence in Germany. My father being in the Baltic trade, consigned me to the care of one of his correspondents at Memel; and by him (who was the kindest friend I ever had in the world) I was soon introduced to all the society of that active and intelligent little town. My ultimate destination in life was still undetermined. My father wished me to succeed him in his business; and, for that reason, had resolved that I should be able to carry on the house's correspondence in the German language. My uncle, who was a flourishing surgeon in Lancashire, was earnest for my adopting his profession, and offered many inducements for my exchanging the three-legged stool for the natty gig and sharp lancet. My mother and sisters favored the medical scheme. It was so much more genteel than wood-yards and saw-pits; and they had visions of M. D. after my name, and, sometimes, even of three small letters before it, as if I were already physican to the Court. So, by a sort of compromise, it was arranged that, when I went to Memel, I was to study the language, spend an hour or two a day in Herr Ziegler's office, and attend certain lectures given by a celebrated professor in the hospital, which was also the medical school of all that part of the country. After my first year, I was definitively to choose; and, during that probationary period, was left to follow my own bent. At eighteen, learning, like reading and writing, comes by nature. I used to think that the atmosphere of a place became saturated with its language, so that you inhaled grammar and pronunciation with your breath. Attitudes of body, expressions of countenance also, are great helps in the acquisition of a foreign tongue; which, indeed, ceases to be foreign by the mere fact of its being in the land of its birth; and, in about six months, by means of looking at people's faces, and hearing the Baltic Sea, eating German dishes, and having all my thoughts cast into a German mould, I gurgled and spluttered Dutch, and quoted Goethe, and smoked meerschaums, as if I had never been a denizen of any other land.

In fulfilment of my father's intention, I spent a portion of every day in the counting-house of Mr. Ziegler. To please my uncle, I had also entered my name as a student at the College Hospital; and, by a great effort over my natural repugnance, persuaded myself once or twice a week to walk the wards. Familiarity had its usual effect, and as if the effort to attain self-command had driven me into recklessness and inhumanity, I gloried in inspecting cases of suffering and pain, and was to all appearance utterly hardened against the sanctities and majesty of death. I say, to all appearance, for the whole of those excesses was the result of an inward fear and horror, which I could never shake off, and which was merely hid behind the mask of cruelty and disregard. In this outward behavior I was not alone. I will not judge the hearts of my companions. May they all have had higher views as I have, and have re-acquired a holy reverence, even for the empty casket which has held such a jewel as a human soul!

There must have been from twenty-five to thirty of these young Æsculapiuses who attended the lectures of Dr. Wolfgang, and followed him in his walks through the hospital. On the days when a difficult operation was to be performed, our number was increased by the attendance of two or three of the surgeons of the town; and the discussions which arose round the patients' beds were frequently prolonged over beer, and, perhaps, cold ham and bread, till far into the night. The curator of the hospital was a young fellow who had distinguished himself by amazing skill, not only in the learned or scientific parts of the profession, but as a most expert operator. His name was Rupert Braunfeldt; and, as if to show that talent and energy in a profession are qualities quite apart from a man's ordinary character and habits, I must say that Rupert's manners were the most dissolute, and his language the most heartless of all the clique I belonged to. Yet, see him while he performed his duty; see with what gentleness he handled the wound, how softly he bandaged the most painful hurts, you would have thought he had the tenderness of the heart of a woman, as he had certainly the lightness of a woman's hand!

It became the fashion for some half-dozen of us to adjourn to Rupert's room. This was at the end of a long gallery in the hospital, that led to the patients' beds; the intermediate space being occupied by the lecture-hall, and a room or two (entering on another landing), inhabited by the servants of the establishment. Often, in the smoke of our pipes, and strong tumblers of spirits and water, we have set off to settle some disputed point of a sufferer's illness by inspecting him in the couch; then, without a feeling of compunction, we have staggered back through the long passage, and resumed our pipes and potations, when the question was set at rest. I look back on these things with shame: but I was the youngest of the party. A different behavior would have been thought either cowardice or affectation. So I bellowed forth my [illegible] unfeeling remarks in the same bravadoing way as the others did, and thought I was in a fair way to supplant Cooper and Abernethy, when I had outraged every sentiment of respect for the living or the dead.

The oldest of the party was a man, who, according to a fantastic custom allowed in Germany, was generally called Camillus, without any surname, which indeed (however, it might be known by the police) was never suspected or inquired after by any of his friends. Camillus looked about thirty-four years of age, with the most sad and doubtful expression I ever saw; and the mystery would have been increased by the impossibility of deciding what countryman he was. He spoke German with what appeared a foreign pronunciation to the natives of Memel; but, as the finest eloquence of Berlin and Munich would have appeared the same, no argument could be founded upon his language. He never entered into the subject himself, but spoke with equal indifference of all the nations he had seen. He had travelled to the farthest east and farthest west. He had lived in the desert, and in Delhi, and why in the world did he now live at Memel? He didn't know. Nobody knew. But here, in a quiet hotel, in Quay street, he had resided for some months; and having a passion, as he told us, for the study of medicine and anatomy, had joined the students at the hospital, and was the most attentive and laborious of us all. He was also the most assiduous in his devotions to Dutch, Holland, and Prussian Kershwasser; not that he seemed to like the liquors themselves, but that they furnished him with an escape from the pains of reflection. He rushed into the excesses of hilarity without for a moment being raised in spirit, and continued to be a death's-head, in the midst of the gayest company—and, silent, and at times really appalling from the apparent intensity of his grief. We were all, of course, busy with conjecture as to the causes of this perpetual gloom. Love, war, misfortune, crime were each in their turn considered the sources of his regret; but he was so distant in manner, and perhaps so superior to us in age, that we had never put a question, point blank, to him upon the subject.

I don't know whether Camillus might justly have been called good-looking. I should say not, judging from my own impression; for, in spite of correctness of feature, and elegance of shape and movement, the effect, upon the whole, was repulsive and painful. I always felt that there was something wrong—something inexpressibly unfitting in the [illegible]ness and manliness of the outward form; and in the uneasy, scared, almost savage look about the eyes, and strange contracted action in the muscles of the lips. It appeared as if the spirit within him rebelled against its confinement, and beat itself like a tiger against the bars of its cage.

One dreadfully cold and dark day in February, near the end of my year of residence, the good-natured Rupert Braunfeldt announced to us, with many chucklings and congratulations, that a dreadful accident had happened on board of a Danish ship in the harbor, by the bursting of a gun, and that one of the worst wounded of the survivors had been brought to the hospital-ward.

"An excellent case," he said. "The splinters have torn his muscles without much injury to any of the great vessels, so that, if he die, he will actually die of pain."

"Who is he?" said some one of ourselves.

"A passenger on board the packet," replied Rupert; "that's all I know—a rich fellow, too, for his pockets were well filled with notes and thalers. A strong-minded hero as ever died at the stake; for he disdains to groan, though his agony must be excruciating."

At seven o'clock we were all assembled in Rupert's room; a vast kettle was piping on the stove; bottles and tobacco-pouches were ranged upon the table, and anxious inquiries made as to the condition of our interesting patient.

"He was left entirely to the good pleasure of Dame Nature," said our host, "Doctor Wolfgang had merely looked at him and pronounced his case hopeless. A few anodynes were to be administered; but even that was left to the discretion of the resident curator. The pain was increasing every minute; and, by twelve at latest, the great struggle would come on, and we should be spectators of a good stand-up battle between the powers of Life and Death."

Before mixing our first tumblers and lighting our first pipes we resolved to visit the subject of all this talk. We passed along the long, narrow gallery I mentioned before; and, opening the door at the end, found ourselves in the first or private ward, in which there was only one bed, and that occupied by the object of our search. Rupert held the candle—the only light in the miserable apartment except the faint beams of a dingy lamp at the end of the second chamber beyond—which shone in at the half-opened door. We heard nothing except quick and convulsive breathing; but, when the light was thrown upon the couch, we saw a face so pale, so ghastly, that, for a moment, human feeling took possession of our hearts, and we were respectfully silent. There was a startled wildness in the eye when he became aware of our presence, and instantly, by a great effort, he quelled the agonizing sounds we had heard, and, half raising himself, cried out, "Not yet, not yet!—I am not ready yet!" and then, recognizing Rupert, he changed his tone.

"Doctor!" he said, "I have been wandering in my mind. Is there no hope in science? Must I die in all this agony?—tell me, tell me!" Rupert, gently, compassionately, quite different from his ordinary style, answered him that there was reason to fear the worst; but that some of the pain might be alleviated, and that he was to continue as quiet as possible.

"That cannot be," said the poor fellow. "There can be no quiet for me—no, not when the dread hour is past. I wish it were come, for, if I survive to-night, worse, far worse than death will come upon me to-morrow. Oh, let me die at once!" I turned away my eyes, but not without being noticed by some of my companions. One pulled out his snuff-box, and pretended to hold it to my nose as if I were fainting. Another took me under the arm as we left the room; and, with mock attentiveness, led me down the passage. They called me Miss or the Fraulein, all the night, and I began to think that a succession to my uncle's practice, in Lancashire, was not worth the pains of a professional education. I determined to devote myself to good Herr Ziegler and his counting-house, and leave Sir Astley Cooper to the undisturbed enjoyment of his wealth and fame. At intervals of half an hour or so, my companions adjourned along the sounding passage, and renewed their inspection of the sufferer. I sometimes stayed behind. I felt that, having given up the medical profession, I had no right to intrude upon the sacredness of a death-bed—and the reports they brought back were continually worse and worse. Lots of tumblers and tobacco were interchanged as to the exact period when the patient would die; and it also appeared that attempts were made to ascertain the meaning of the words he had uttered with reference to the fate which awaited him if he survived till the following day.

No success attended these endeavors. He kept his own counsel, and only, in more urgent terms than ever, besought them to give him something to alleviate his pain. By the time the tower-clock at the wing of the hospital sounded eleven, the sufferings of the wounded man became more intense. Whether it had been to steel themselves against the terror of the spectacle or not, I do not know; but most of the students had drunk, as I have already told you, more than usual before their repeated visits to the ward. Among the rest, Camillus had distinguished himself by the potency of his brews, and was less on his guard than we had ever seen him. The dying man seemed to have a fascination for him. He never missed any of the pilgrimages to his bedside, and always returned more and more interested in the progress of his decease.

"He will die before twelve," hiccupped one.

"How so?" inquired Rupert. "Have you had as much experience as I have? I have seen twenty in one year in this holy establishment, and can tell by the light in a man's eye how long he has to live, as easily as what o'clock it is by looking at his watch. This man will die in fifty-seven minutes from this time."

"And it is now ten minutes past eleven!" cried the young student, triumphantly.

"Your watch is ten minutes fast," replied Camillus, "and Herr Rupert is not always exact to a second. I have had deeper experience," he added, with a weak laugh, which revealed for the first time the extent of his unsobriety, "deeper experience, I tell you, a hundred fold, than any man in Europe, for I have gone through the process myself."

A general laugh followed this boast, but Camillus was displeased. He looked sternly round.

"You are pleased, gentlemen, to consider this as rhodomontade. I am not in the habit of stating what is not the fact. I tell you I have died," and raising his voice as he saw the incredulity of his audience, "I will say more, I am dead now."

"Nay; but, Herr Camillus," replied Rupert, assuming a more serious tone than before, "you forget that we know nothing of your name or history. We have been delighted with your friendship and society; but, before we can attach weight to an unsupported assertion such as you have now made, your own excellent judgment will show you that we require some other guarantee than the word and honor of a gentleman whose antecedents we are all profoundly ignorant of."

"You are right," said Camillus—being in that state in which an appeal to one's sense is the highest compliment that can be paid—"and I will tell you my story, and then you will perhaps change your opinion of my veracity."

"Agreed! hear him! fill up once more! give me a fresh light!" cried the different members of the meeting. "Now, then, fire away!"

"I know not how to begin," said Camillus, regaining command over his faculties by an effort of his will, and looking almost as if he were speaking out his own reflections, without reference to his audience. "I am not even myself. I scarcely know who I am. This body I occupy is as unknown to me, as regards its previous history, as a hotel you may put up in for a single night in a journey through a foreign country; but that other life—that life which grew round me for thirty years, bringing me experiences from my infant days, leading me through boyhood, filling my memory with the happy faces of friends, and the old familiar sounds of home—that life is now taken away; I have no past. I can't even tell you my name. I am the Count Camillus; that is all. My country I do not know. I am shipwrecked on a desert island more solitary than the English voyager, who had his goats and birds, and at last his faithful Friday. But enough. You shall hear.

"I lived in the city of Prague, a person of noble birth and good possessions, and six years ago was united to the most beautiful and most affectionate of wives. For two years nothing disturbed the perfect felicity of our union; but at that time, there came a man to the town who soon attracted universal attention by the display of his wealth, and also, I may say, by the elegance of his manners and the handsomeness of his person. I became intimate with him, and introduced him to my home. Don't smile and wink as if you perceived the common ending of such unwise introductions. It had a very different termination from what you expect. The stranger was delightful in conversation from the varied stores of his information; there was no subject of which he was not apparently master; science, such as is known in Europe, had no secrets reserved from him; and, unfortunately, his studies had taken him farther. He had lived among the Brahmins of India, and the Buddhists of Thibet, and from them had learned mysteries which have been laughed at in its shallow scepticism by the best, but which gave him influence and authority over the occult faculties of things, and put him, in short, in possession of what it is no irreverence to call superhuman powers. When our friendship had reached a certain point, he offered to communicate some of those mysterious gifts to me, and, with the folly of inexperience, I accepted the frightful responsibility. I, however, felt no drawback from the pride of knowledge at first, but walked about with my heart puffed up with the secret consciousness of power. Meantime, his intimacy in my house increased; and at last I perceived that his eyes were fixed on the beautiful face and form of my wife, with looks of unmistakeable admiration. I became jealous, but without the slightest reason from anything in the conduct of my wife. This, however, seemed only to embitter my feelings towards the rival who tried to supplant me without a look or sign of encouragement. All this time I concealed the alteration of my feelings from my friend. We went on with our experiments as before. He taught me the most hidden and most awful of his powers. He showed me how to animate the dead—yes, how to implant my own life in another man's body, if I had access to it before the blood had grown cold, and how to leave it again and restore my original form. I have done this often; and once—but I think I have said enough. You now know what I mean by having gone through the process of dying."

"No, no!" we all cried, some laughing, some jeering, and all incredulous. "Go on! you have not told us how your jealousy was cured."

"In this way," said Camillus. "My friend, encouraged by the influence he exercised over me by his super-earthly knowledge, presumed once to watch for my wife in a deep recess by a wood, to which she was in the habit of driving in the summer weather for the purpose of taking our daughter to walk among the alleys, and by the side of a large lake which formed the ornament of the place. It chanced my wife did not go on that occasion; and when I rode out to join her, as usual, I was surprised to find the nurse in tears, and greatly agitated. She told me in a few words that my friend had attempted to corrupt her fidelity to her mistress, and deliver her into the tempter's hands. She pointed as she spoke to the hollow where he had disappeared; and, without another word, I dismounted from my horse, walked hurriedly along the wood, dived into the dell, and saw my friend leaning against a tree.

"I know all!" I said, and struck him with the flat of my sword. 'Draw, or I shall kill you like a dog!'

"His eyes flashed fire. 'Fool!' he said, 'you are throwing away your life.'

"'And happy,' I cried, 'if by so doing I can rid the world of a villain.'

"We fought with desperation, and in a minute or two I was gazing on the body of my rival, from which a pool of blood was welling forth at a wound in the breast. He looked beautiful as he lay so calm there, and so sacred—who so short a time before was filled with wicked hate. 'Ha!' I said to myself, 'did he ever receive any encouragement—a smile, a gift, a look?' I resolved to satisfy myself by personal inquiry. I drew the body into a deeper part of the recess, and going through the necessary form, I animated it once more. My own I left covered with leaves, and, leaping on my horse, galloped into the city, and rode straight to my own house. I went up stairs and found my wife in the boudoir. 'Count Camillus!' she cried, with indignant surprise, 'what entitles you to enter here?'

"'Love, madam,' I said, and was horrified to find I was speaking with the voice of my friend. 'You surely do not repent of the hopes you have given me?'

"'I, sir? I gave you no hopes. Leave me, sir! but stay—what blood marks are those upon your bosom? Where is my husband? Ah, I know it all! You have killed him! Help!—help!' and ringing the bell which lay upon the table, she never ceased to call for assistance till half-a-dozen of the domestics had come armed into the room. The full horror of my position burst upon me.

"'Maria!' I said, 'for Heaven's sake hear me for an instant! I am your husband, in spite of present appearances. Let me go but for an hour, and I will come to you in my true form.'

"I was hurried off in spite of all I could say. I was laughed at as a madman when I asserted my true identity. I was lodged in prison. I felt every hour a torture too exquisite to be borne; for I knew if decay once began, there was no possibility of reanimating the corpse, and law was so slow. A week at length passed, an examination was undergone, and I was committed to prison. Despair now took possession of me. I felt I was doomed to be Camillus forever; and when the next interrogatory was made, and my body had been recognized in the hollow of the wood, unwounded, and no proof could be brought forward of the manner in which I had died, I was dismissed. In distraction I rushed to my house. I was driven with horror from the gate. I watched for my wife at the window. I saw her in deepest mourning; and, on beholding me, she screamed and fled into the interior of the house. I saw my little girl, and would have given my life for one little kiss of her rosy mouth, but she was hurried away from me as if I had carried the plague in every breath.—Tired, at last, of fruitless efforts, I took all the money which Camillus had in his lodgings; I sold his goods; I left Prague forever."

Some of the party, in the course of this narrative, had fallen asleep, some had filled fresh pipes; and Rupert took the narrator by the wrist, and felt his pulse.

"Herr Camillus," he said, "you sleep too little; you are feverish. I advise you to leave the poor sufferer in the next room to his pains, and betake yourself to bed." But, hark! a scream; the patient is near his end.

They all hurried along the passage. I accompanied them, but had not courage to enter the room. I heard enough: groans, shrieks, broken exclamations, in which the consciousness of some dreadful crime pierced through the bodily sufferings—and, at last, and all of a sudden, there was deep silence. It fell like a blow upon my ear after it was so thrilled with the hideous sound. In a minute or two the party came into the gallery, and Rupert carefully closed the door.

"Another tumbler," he said, "will enable us to talk over the scene, and the sight is dreadful."

Snow and sleet dashed against the windows as we came along the passage, and the wind howled loudly outside. Nobody could resist the invitation, and we resumed our seats around the stove; and, by the light of the now expiring candle, made ourselves a fresh mixture and lighted our pipes. The scene had been so appalling that for a while it silenced even those practised despisers of death and pain.

Camillus spoke first. He was excited, and still bore malice at the incredulity or apathy with which his story had been received.

"The man in the next room must have been guilty of some great offence," he said.

"Perhaps he murdered some friend who had paid attention to his wife," replied a youth, who had not joined in the conversation before, and who took this opportunity of showing what he thought of the narrative.

"You, too!" exclaimed Camillus; "but you are all beneath my notice—yet, for my own satisfaction, I will give you proof. I will fill the limbs of that wretched being with new blood and his heart with life. Wrap me in a cloak, cover up my head, keep silence for ten minutes, and call me impostor if you see not what I have promised."

He lay down upon Rupert's bed at the end of the room. We laid a pilot's heavy cloak over his body, and concealed his head and face beneath a fur jacket. Rupert touched his forehead when these preparations were completed, implying he was either mad or drunk, and we resumed our places. There was dead silence among us all. The simmering of the kettle was the only sound within the room, and we listened, in the growing darkness, to the gusts of snowy wind outside with the unpleasant knowledge that we had to encounter the horrors of cold and storm on our way through the empty streets. When a few minutes had passed we found our constrained taciternity very irksome; and, once or twice, some of us went towards the bed on tiptoe to see whether Camillus had not fallen asleep. There was no means of finding this out, and at last our impatience was growing irrepressible, when suddenly we were startled by hearing a loud knocking at the door at the farther end of the passage. Violent attempts were made to turn the handle; and, finally, a dash against the woodwork sent it flying from its hinges. There was nobody in that end of the building, for Rupert had shut and locked the door of communication with the res of the hospital before he left the chamber where the man had died. Now we heard the rapid pit-pat of naked feet on the wooden floor of the gallery; compressed shrieks accompanied the approaching visitor; and, at last, gazing into the room with wild and horror-struck eyes, we saw the face of the wounded man—of the man who had so recently expired. He had nothing on but a shirt; and, through the open frill, w saw the dreadful wounds.

"Save me! save me!" he said, "the pain intolerable. I knew not what I was doing whe I vivified this place of torture."

He rushed wildly to the bed where Camillu had lain down, tossed away the jacket and cloak with frantic gesture, and laid his hand upon th shoulder of the recumbent figure. It sank beneath his touch—the coat contracted as if th sleeves were empty—the whole body becam depressed—and the wretched man turned upon us a countenance so writhing with despair that it never will depart from my recollection.

"I should have thought of this," he said "the true Camillus has been dead for years, and these are but the remains of his skeleton And this is my perpetual prison-house!" he cried; "this agony of pain!"

He fell upon the floor, and for a while the nerves of Rupert and the others were completely shattered. As for me, I sat and looked on the dreadful scene like a person in a dream. I was too horrified even to tremble; but the students soon recovered their force. They aised the sufferer and bore him between their arms through the long gallery once more. The groans gradually subsided as the distance increased, and at last ceased entirely. For a quarter of an hour I waited impatiently for the return of my friends. At last Rupert came in, subdued and sobered.

"The others have gone," he said, "by the main staircase. It is an awkward business, and I caution you not to mention what you have seen. The man is dead at last, and the authorities will suppose that Camillus has left the town."

I have very little to add, as I left German in a few weeks. I will only say that officers of justice came from Denmark, and brought intelligence of a dreadful murder perpetrated in Copenhagen. In the person of the wounded passenger they recognized the assassin. No inquiries were made after Camillus. It was believed he had been suddenly summoned home.

This is the tale I promised as an instance what strange things may come within the perience of very unlikely men; and if ther are any of my companions and fellow-students of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-si still alive, I doubt not they will corrobc every word I have said.

☞ A great revolution has taken place in th beverage of vine-clad France. The increas cost of wine, consequent upon the failure o the grape crop, has made claret, among common people, an expensive luxury. Mal liquors have taken the place of the juice of th grape, and Bavarian ale, a sort of lager beer the favorite Parisian "tipple."

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—MINO, THE TALKING BIRD OF JAVA.—Wonders will never cease. How few persons have heard a bird talk in plain, good English: We have all listened to Pretty Poll when she says "good-morning," but Pretty Poll has no command of language—she is not an adept in etymology, syntax, or prosody—she cannot talk syllogistically, like the talking bird of Java—she cannot like him, give three propositions—as for example:—"My name is Mino—Mino is a pretty bird—How do you do?" We are aware that the present Queen of England once had a parrot that said, "Good-morning, Vic," but never could pronounce the words "Queen Victoria," and on account of an unfinished education was suddenly neglected, or turned over to the understrappers of Windsor Castle.

The bird Mino, in Tremont street, the property of Mr. J. Chesley, has a fine tenor voice, and shows what may truly be termed intelligence. We have seen several persons, looking admiringly at him, and have heard him say in the most distinct manner, after he has gazed intently, apparently listening to the conversation, "My name is Mino." After waiting some time, as if he expected a compliment to be bestowed upon him, he has raised his beautiful hood and proudly said, "Mino is a pretty bird." If no person offers any words of praise, he jumps about his large cage a few times, turns his back to the astonished spectators, and indignantly and emphatically says, in a sharp tone, "Go away!—go away!" He then gives a loud and hearty guffaw, exactly like the "ha-ha-ha!" of a human being. Of course, every person laughs at the droll bird, and the droll bird laughs again, and says:—"Good-morning." When he sees his admirers disperse, he tells them in the plainest language to "Shut the door." If he is asked his name in an affectionate manner, he will immediately reply:—"My name is Mino—How do you do?" When he hears several persons conversing earnestly together, without taking any notice of him, he exclaims:—"What are you talking for?" The words are so suddenly spoken, and the sound so closely resembles a human voice, that one is really inclined to reply that it is none of your business! But Mino is polite, well educated, and very amusing, although he is vain and fond of flattery. His owner, Mr. Chesley, who will be pleased to show his pet to the public who choose to call, has refused one offer of five hundred dollars for him and another offer of six hundred. The Mino lives to a great age, and is said to be the only bird among the five thousand species known in the world, that talks from the lungs, and perfectly imitates the human voice.—*Boston Traveller.*

MR. CASANAVE—EMBALMING THE DEAD.—We have already had occasion to notice the extraordinary process of embalming discovered by Dr. Holmes, of New York, and of which Mr. Casanave, of New Orleans, has purchased the patent for that city and its environs. There are two special features about this process which render it at once marvelous and admirable. The first is the instantaneous manner in which it is effected. The corpse is not eviscerated, nor any portion of it removed, but a simple incision is made in the arm, and the anti-septic fluid injected into the blood vessels. The second is, that when the operation is completed, the body presents a perfectly natural appearance, without odor and so remains for an indefinite period, perhaps forever.

On Saturday last we had an opportunity of testing the value of this astonishing discovery. We accompanied Mr. Casanave to Cemetery No. 2, in Bienville street, in which he had erected a brick chamber for the purpose of temporarily receiving the remains of embalmed persons. In this room in an open coffin, we found the corpse of a little colored boy, aged about three years, who, we learned by the certificate of his medical attendant, Dr. Wether, died on the 5th of October, 1856. He was embalmed a few hours subsequent to his decease, and had lain in this vaulted chamber upwards of *six months*. There was not the slightest sign of decomposition visible to the eye, or perceptible to the smell or touch. The corpse resembled that of one who had just breathed his last. The child had been large and plump, and his sickness, though mortal, had been too brief and violent to effect emaciation. Consequently the face, arms and body had not shrivelled, or shrunk away, but presented a perfectly natural appearance. The apartment, as well as the corpse, was free from any unpleasant odor whatever. We were lost in admiration at the surprising results of this truly scientific discovery.

A highly respectable gentleman from the North, who died on Friday, was embalmed the same evening by Mr. Casanave, and his remains will be placed in the vault, until his friends are ready to remove them.

A MADMAN'S FREAK.—A humorous incident [illegible]cently occurred to a keeper in an asylum in a neighboring city. He had occasion to enter the cell of a [illegible]icious maniac, who had formerly been an evangelical clergyman. He had of late become greatly tranquillized; so much so that the keeper felt no hesitancy [illegible] entering the cell to converse with its occupant. He [illegible] politely received and requested by the lunatic to [illegible] a seat. The keeper complied, when his adroit [illegible] flew to the door, seized the key which the too [illegible]dent keeper had allowed to remain in the lock, [illegible] the bolt, and then brandished a weapon over the [illegible] of the hapless turnkey. "Down on your knees [illegible] pray," cried the madman. The turnkey, who [illegible] his last hour was come, knelt down in mortal fear to prepare for death. The hour was about [illegible] o'clock, and he prayed steadily until nine, when, [illegible]ing pretty well exhausted his voice and his subject [illegible]ether, he stopped short, and undertook an appeal to [illegible] maniac's compassion. "Pray on, or I'll brain [illegible]," was the maniac's only reply, as he again elevated his weapon over the turnkey's head. The turnkey [illegible], as the real estate deeds say, "back to the place [illegible] beginning," and prayed the same thing over again. [illegible] cut a long story short, he was compelled, by the [illegible]man, to pass the entire night in audible devotions, [illegible] when rescued in the morning by the other turnkeys, his voice had dwindled down to a gruff whisper, [illegible]hile the forced continuance in one attitude had rendered his limbs entirely powerless.

BOY KILLED BY LEECHES.—At the village [illegible]etigny in Marc, near Paris, M. Lanquie, a druggist, lately established a nursery of leeches in a marsh pond, where he was accustomed to feed them by [illegible]ving an old worn out horse, purchased at the [illegible]acher's yard, every morning into the muddy water, allowing the leeches to gorge themselves at the expense of the horse's legs. His son, a boy of thirteen, used to ride the horse into the pond. A few days ago, the boy having gone alone upon that errand, the family were terrified by the horse coming back without its rider; its legs were bleeding profusely and covered with leeches. People went to the pond to look for the child, and found him immersed there, struggling [illegible]y to extricate himself from the mire and to defend himself from the hundreds of voracious creatures which had crawled under his clothes, (he wore neither [illegible] nor stockings,) and had fixed upon every limb [illegible] his body. He had probably been thrown off the horse's back by the restlessness of the tormented animal. The poor boy was quite exhausted and speechless when he was got out, and died in a few hours.

[illegible]OLD-BEARING QUARTZ ROCK FROM CALIFORNIA.—We have been informed by one of the parties interested, that there is now being stored in warehouses at San Francisco, many hundreds of tons of [illegible] *bearing quartz* to be shipped to New York as [illegible] returning ships. The quartz is to be *dis*[illegible] ... [illegible] water, in large quantities, and all the gold precipitated. The "liquid flint" thus accumulating [illegible] large quantities is said to be very valuable, as a [illegible] for building and ornamental purposes. The gentleman engaged in the above enterprise is a resident of California, and one of the most extensive operators there in quartz mining. He says, that from his own experience and knowledge, not one-tenth of the gold [illegible]ved by any of the known processes in California [illegible] his reasons for adopting Benjamin Harding's [illegible] of dissolving, &c., as above stated.

[illegible]ORD PALMERSTON has announced in the [illegible] of Commons his intention to offer a bill abolishing church rates.

[illegible] NEW TARIFF will go into operation on [illegible] of July next, and as it reduces the imports on every article of import, it is expected that many articles will be reduced in price. The duties [illegible] imported liquors will be reduced from 100 to 30 per cent, and the bonded warehouses are so full that no cargoes can be admitted until after the 1st. The question is asked whether there will be a general fall in the price of wines, brandies, &c.?

AN EXQUISITE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.—The Toronto (Canada) Leader reports a portion of the proceedings of a Secret Session of the House as follows:

That aristocratic gentleman, Hon J H Cameron, indulged in pathetic and evidently heartfelt lamentations on the fast spreading growth of poisonous democratic principles in the Province, evidenced by the number of unprivileged ones who were to be found at all times in and about the House:

"These individuals—I am almost tempted—ah—to call them—ah—persons," said he, "actually force their unprivileged bodies—ah—into the dwinking saloon itself! and—ah—when a gentleman—ah—like myself, for instance—descends into the room—ah—wherein wefweshments are provided—and calls for a glass of *hot bwandy and water*—he actually is in imminent danger—ah—of finding himself surwounded—ah—by *six or seven utter strangers!*"

Overcome by the gloomy train of thought which this picture drew before his imagination—or, perhaps, by some of the "hot bwandy and water" aforesaid—the honorable gentleman sat down amidst the sympathizing *groans* of all the exclusives in the House.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been extremely small, but the market has been excessively dull, and the discouraging European accounts have depressed prices. The export demand has been nearly suspended, and only 4000 bbls have been disposed of at $7.50 ⅌ bbl for standard, at which it is freely offered; and $7.75a8 for extra; and $8a8.50 for extra family. There has been a steady inquiry for home consumption within the range of the same quotations for common and extra family brands, and $8.50 up to $9.25 for fancy lots.—Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very quiet. Small sales of the former at $5, and 250 bbls of the latter at $4 ⅌ bbl. The market is now bare of Meal.

GRAIN—The supply of Wheat has been small, but the demand has been limited, and prices remain without change. Sales of 10,000 bus at $1,80a1,85 ⅌ bus for fair and prime Southern and Penna red; $1,70 for Spring, and $1,90 a1,93 for fine and choice white. There has been but little Rye offering; 300 bus brought $1,10. Corn has been unsettled, and prices are lower. Sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 92a93c, closing at 90a91c, on time. Oats have been in moderate request, and about 9000 bus sold at 61a62c ⅌ bus for Penna and Delaware, and 61c for Jersey.

PROVISIONS—The market for all descriptions has been quiet since our last notice. The receipts and stock of Pork continues small—but the supply is ample for the demand—there being very little inquiry, except for immediate consumption. Small sales of Mess at $24.50a24,75 ⅌ bbl, 60 days. Beef is steady at $18a20, with no demand, except for ship's stores. Bacon has been very quiet, but with trifling supplies and a reduced stock, prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 300 casks Hams at 13a14c for plain and fancy canvassed—mostly of the latter description, at 14c; Sides at 13c, and Shoulders at 11c ⅌ ℔, 60 days, part for the South. Country Sides sold at 12c, cash. In Bulk Meats the transactions have been limited in consequence of the absence of supplies. We quote Hams at 11a12c; Sides at 12c, and Shoulders at 10c, 60 days. Lard is held quite firmly, and the stock is very much reduced, but there has not been much inquiry. Small sales of barrels at 15a16c, and kegs at 16c ⅌ ℔, on time. Butter has been dull—there being but little or no demand for either Roll or Shipping qualities. Sales at 14 to 20c, as in quality.

BARK—The market continues nearly bare of Quercitron Bark, but the demand has fallen off. Small sales of No 1 at $35 ⅌ ton. 200 cords Spanish sold at $11a17,50, and Chestnut at $14 ⅌ cord.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of good Yellow at 30c ⅌ ℔, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady demand for city manufactured Adamantine, and 2,000 boxes were taken for shipment, on terms not made public. Prices of Sperm and Tallow are unchanged.

COAL—Prices have undergone no quotable change. There has been a moderate inquiry for shipment, and the receipts have been liberal from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines. Cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash have been made at $4,35a4,50 ⅌ ton, and Red Ash at $4a4,15 ⅌ ton, free on board at Richmond. Lehigh is selling at $4a 4,25. Bituminous Coal continues very dull.

COFFEE—A cargo of 4,000 bags Rio, and 1,770 bags Laguayra have arrived since our last notice. The market has been more buoyant, and prices are higher. Sales of 2,800 bags Rio, part at 11a11½c, and part on private terms; and [illegible] bags of Laguayra at 12½c, and 100 mats Java, at 16c ⅌ ℔, on time.

COPPER—Yellow Metal has declined to 24c ⅌ ℔. English Sheathing Copper is dull, at 31½c, 6 mos.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks are comparatively light. The market has been inactive, the demand being limited and confined to finer grades, which are scarce. Sales of 400 bales Upland and New Orleans at 13½a16½c ⅌ ℔, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little has been done. Among the sales are some Oil of Lemon, at $2,25a2,37, 4 months; 3 cases Oil of Peppermint on private terms; some Soda Ash at 2¾c; Bleaching Powder at 3c, and Cutch at 3½c ⅌ ℔, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. Small sales of good Western at 54a60c ⅌ ℔, on time.

FISH—Mackerel continues quite dull, and the only sales reported are in a small way at $14 ⅌ barrel for medium No 1s; $13 for No 2s, and $11 for No 3s. The latter are very scarce. Large No 1 command $21.50a21. Codfish and Herring are dull; small sales of the former at $3.50, and the latter at $4a4.25 ⅌ barrel, which is a decline.

FRUIT—Another cargo of Palermo Oranges and Lemons is landing, from which sales have been made at $[illegible] ⅌ box for the former, and $1,75a2,50 for the latter—according to quality. 100 bags Cream Nuts sold at 7c, on time. In Dried Fruits the sales have been unimportant, and there is very little stock here to operate in.

GINSENG—There is no demand for either Crude or Clarified, and prices are nominal.

GUANO—There has been less inquiry, but the stock of all kinds is very much reduced, and prices remain without change.

HEMP—Continues quiet, and no further sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are dull. An import of 5127 Laguayra has arrived, which remains unsold.

HOPS—Continue to meet a steady inquiry. Sales from 6 to 12c ⅌ ℔ for new crop Eastern and Western, and 5c for old.

INDIGO—Demand moderate, and prices are firm. Sales of 10 chests Bengal at $1,25a1,45 ⅌ ℔, 6 mos.

IRON—There has been very little demand for Pig Iron, and only 300 tons Anthracite were disposed of at $[illegible] ⅌ ton, 6 mos, for No 1, and $[illegible] for No 2, and [illegible] tons Forge at the latter figure. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. A small sale of Charcoal Blooms was made at $[illegible] ⅌ ton, 6 months. Prices of American Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEATHER—The demand has been quite limited, and the stock is rather accumulating, but prices have undergone no change.

LEAD—The absence of supplies of Pig Lead continues to restrict operations.

LUMBER—There is a steady demand for most descriptions, without change in prices. Sales of 35,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14a15 ⅌ M; Laths in lots at $1,50, and Red Oak hogshead Staves at $30a35 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been exceedingly quiet, but prices remain without change. The only transactions reported is 50 barrels Sugar House at 45c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Have been inactive. The sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch have only been in a small way, without change in prices. Spirits of Turpentine has declined [illegible]c ⅌ gallon. Small sales at 49a50c cash and time.

OILS—There is a steady demand for old process Western Red Oil at 73c. Linseed Oil is held very firmly, and meets a fair inquiry at 86a88c, cash. 30 galls sold at the former rate. In Fish Oils the sales are confined to store lots, without change in prices. Lard Oil is but little inquired after. We quote Winter at $1,18a1,22, on time.

PLASTER—There is little or none arriving, and no sales have been reported.

RICE—The stock is now much reduced, and prices are firm. Sales of 250 tierces in lots at 4¾a5c ⅌ ℔, 4 months.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An import of 3700 sacks Liverpool Fine has arrived to a dealer. A sale of 14,000 bags "Star" Dairy Salt, for export, at [illegible]c each, for 5 and 8 ℔ bags.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed continue trifling, and prime lots are taken, on arrival, at $7 ⅌ 64 lbs. Timothy is very dull at our quotations. Sales of 400 bus Flaxseed at $1,90a1,97 ⅌ bus.

SPICES—The sales have been only in small lots without change in prices.

SPIRITS—There has been a very limited inquiry for both Brandy and Gin, but prices are unchanged. N. E. Rum continues scarce, and commands 52a54c. Whiskey, having declined [illegible]c ⅌ gal, there has been more doing. Sales of 1200 bbls at 3[illegible]c for Pennsylvania; 38c for Ohio and Prison, and 36a37c for hhds.

SUGAR—The market continues at a stand—there being still a wide margin between the views of buyers and sellers. The stock is steadily accumulating. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba at prices to be fixed on the 1st of August and the 1st of September, including 150 hhds for export, and 50 hhds for refining at 10c. The Refiners have reduced their figures to, viz:—Crushed 13½; Coarse Pulverized 13½, Pulverized 13½; and Double Loaf 14¼c ⅌ ℔, cash.

SUMAC—Prices are unchanged. A small sale of Sicily at $[illegible] ⅌ ton, 6 months.

TALLOW—The supply is very limited, but quite equals the demand. Prices are declining. Sales of 4000 ℔s at 11¼a11½c for City Rendered. There is no Country offering. It is worth 10c.

TEAS—There has been less demand, but prices are firm for all descriptions.

TOBACCO—Prices continue very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and of the former the stock is extremely light.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—The receipts of the new clip are increasing, but there is very little demand and prices are unsettled. Sales of 30,000 lbs within the range of 35a45c ⅌ ℔.

NEW YORK MARKET.

June 25.—BREADSTUFFS. The market for State and Western Flour is more active; 9,000 bbls at $6a6,15 for common to good State, mostly at $6,10; $6,25a6,40 for extra State; $6,20a6,50 for common to good Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, &c; and $6,65a8 for extra do. Southern Flour is firmer; sales of 1700 bbls at $7a7,50 for mixed to good brands of Baltimore, Alexandria, Georgetown, Fredericksburg, &c, and $7,60a8,50 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Canadian Flour is quiet; sales of 700 bbls at $6,25a6,40 (nominal) for superfine, and $6,50a8 for the range of extra brands. Rye Flour is dull, with sales of 50 bbls at $4,25a5 for the range of fine and superfine. Corn Meal is irregular; we quote Jersey at $4; Brandywine, $4,30a4,37, the sales are 100 bbls Brandywine at $4,30. Wheat is heavy; the sales are 4000 bush prime white Ohio at $1,90; and 3000 bush Milwaukee club at $1,50. Rye is held at $1,15a1,25. Oats are firmer at 55a64 for State, and 61a62c (nominal) for Western. Corn is lower; the sales are 19,000 bush at 86a88c for yellow Southern; 80 for new mixed Western, afloat, and 82a84c for old do, in store.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 1400 bbls at $21,00a22,25 for mess, $19a19,50 for prime. Beef is steady, with sales of 350 bbls, at $14a15 for country mess, $16a17,50 for railroad mess, and $16,50a17 for repacked Western. Prime mess Beef and Beef Hams are quiet. Cut meats are lower, with sales of 175 casks at 11a11½ for Hams, and 9½a9¾c for Shoulders. Lard is heavy, with sales of 340 tcs and bbls at 14a14½. Butter is in better demand and prime qualities are firm. Cheese is heavy and tends downward.

COTTON—The market is very firm, but there is very little doing; only 500 bales are reported sold to-day. We quote:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary,	12	12	12	12
Middling,	14⅛	14¼	14⅜	14½
Middling Fair,	14⅝	14¾	15	15⅛
Fair,	15	15	15½	15½

COFFEE—There is no movement to notice; the stock of Rio is 80,000 bags; sales of 200 mats Java at 15¼a16c.

SUGARS continue very dull and unsettled; only a few small lots were sold at 9½a10c.

MOLASSES is dull and heavy; the sales are trivial.

HOPS are steady—the stock of choice continues small—sales of 50 bales at 7a12c for common to good, and 13c for choice quality. Old are quiet and nominal at 4a7c.

WHISKEY—The market is better supplied and lower; the demand fair. Sales of 500 bbls at 31a31½c for Ohio and Prison.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 177—Adults 91, and children 86.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
T. R. CALLENDER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ After a loud preface of "oh, yes," pronounced most audibly three times, in High Street, at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore, having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers:

"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?"

"I do!" said a gentleman, with manifest eagerness.

"Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

☞ In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen on the outside of an humble cottage the following inscription in large gilt letters: "A seminary for young ladies." This was, perhaps, too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: "Notey beney—allso, a galls skool."

☞ Who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Relief notes	1 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis
Bk of Newcastle	65 dis
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	3 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	37 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy	failed
Delaware.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
District of Columbia.	
Exchange bk	3 dis
Solv bks	½ dis
New York.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
5th Avenue bk	3 dis
Knickerbocker bk	15 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego	5 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	15 dis
Central bk	15 dis
Champlain bk	no sale
Maine.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canton bk Soth China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	25 dis
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Lancaster bk	closed
Exeter bk	failed
Vermont.	
Solv bks	½ dis
South Royalton bk	5 dis
Connecticut.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks	½ dis
Bk Repub Providence	70 dis
Canada.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Zimmerman	5 dis
Virginia.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis
Bk of Kanwha	10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
North Carolina.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
Georgia.	
Old bks	4 dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
South Carolina.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Other solv bks	5 dis
Mississippi.	
All bks	uncertain
Louisiana.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Ohio.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Canal bk	8 dis
Kentucky.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Indiana.	
New solvent bks	7 dis
State bk	1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Other bks	5 to 30 dis
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Rushville bk, Rahville	20 dis
Solvent bks	3 dis
Agricultural bk	20 dis
Amer Ex bk	20 dis
Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Missouri.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn	no sale
River Bank	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
Central bk	no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
New bks	3 to 5 dis
Michigan.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Arkansas.	
All bks	no sale
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.	
Beef.	
Roasting rib, ⅌ ℔	18 @ 25
Sirloin steak	18 @ 20
Rump do	12½ @ 16
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½
Plates and navels Corned	6 @ 10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55
Leg, each,	31 @ 37½
Suet	20
Kidney	8 @ 12½
Liver ⅌ ℔	6¼
Dried Beef ⅌ ℔	31
Lamb.	
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½
Hind do	1 00 @ 1 12½
Chop ⅌ ℔	8 @ —
Calves Head, each	25 @ 31
Mutton.	
Leg, Loin, Chp ⅌ ℔	8 @ 10
Breast and Neck	6¼ @ 8
Young Lamb, whole	$3,00
Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Veal.	
Fore quarter ⅌ ℔	8
Hind do	11
Chop	12
Cutlet	14
Sweetbread, each	12
Pork.	
Young Pigs	$1 75 @ 2 50
Salt and fresh ℔	12 @ 14
Feet, ⅌ set	10 @ 12½
Tripe, ⅌ ℔	4 @ 6¼
Lard do	12 @ 13
Hams, smoked	12½ @ 14
Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Fresh Sausage, ℔	10 @ 12
Puddings ⅌ ℔	10 @ 12
Scrapple ⅌ ℔	8 @ 10
Spare Rib ⅌ ℔	10
Tender Loin ⅌ ℔	16 @ 18
Hogshead Cheese ℔	10
VEGETABLES.	
Turnips bkt	31 @ 40
do hf pk	— @ 18
Beets bunch	4 @ 5
Cabbage bbl	$1.50 @ —
do h'd	3 @ 10
Salad head	4 @ 10
Pickles bkt	31 @ 37
do hf pk	18½ @ 25
Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 18
Green Peas bus	62 @ 87
Com potatoes bu	1 25 @ 1 40
do bkt	37½ @ 50
do hf pk	6 @ 12
Sweet potat's bkt	87 @ 1 00
do ½ pk	18 @ 25
Onions bus	— @ 2 00
Carrots doz	12
Asparagus ⅌ bunch	8 @ 10
Rhubarb ⅌ bunch	5 @ 8
Green Mint ⅌ bunch	3 @ 5
FRUIT.	
Apples ⅌ bkt	62½ @ 1 12½
do hf pk	12½ @ 25
Strawberries, quart,	6 @ 25
Cranberries qt	12
Gooseberries ⅌ qt	12½ @ 15
Currants "	12½ @ 15
POULTRY AND GAME.	
Turkeys ⅌ ℔	15 @ 20
Turkeys each	75 @ 3 50
Spring Chickens ⅌ pair	31 @ 87
Chickens ⅌ pair	1 @ 1
Sqb Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31
Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @ 1 12
Frogs doz	25 @ 50
SHELLFISH.	
Terrapin(South)dz	8 @ 6 00
do (Ches & Del)	6 @ 8 10
Lobsters ℔	8 @ 10
Clams M	3 00 @ 2 50
Oysters, Absecom, ⅌ bkt	37 @ 50
do ⅌ M	4 00 @ 5 00
M Riv Cove M	3 00 @ 5 00
N Y do ⅌ bbl	10 00 @ 20 00
FISH.	
Halibut ℔	— @ 12
Bass	6 @ 8
Porgies	— @ 5
Flounders	— @ 6
Cod	5 @ 6
Blackfish	8
Smelts	17 @ 20
White Fish	— @ 12½
Rock	8 @ 12½
Perch bunch	18 @ 25
Catfish	6 @ 12
Eels	6 @ 12½
Salt Shad ℔	12
" Mackerel	12
Dry Cod	4 @ 8
Smo'kd Herring bunch	8
Fresh Shad each	25a50
Fresh Salmon ℔,	75 a1 00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Butter ℔	16 @ 25
Roll do	18 @ 25
Eggs doz	16 @ 18
Smearcase cake	3
Honey ℔	20 @ 25
Apple Butter qt	15 @ 18
Pumpkins each	8 @ 10

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 102 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct '62	109	—
" " '67	114¼	—
" " '68	114¼	—
" 5 " '65	108	—
Phila 6 pr ct	87½	88
" " new	93¼	93½
" 5 "		
Cam City 6 pr ct	80	85
Pitts 6 pr ct	72	75
" " coupon	70	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	62	63
" county "	60	65
Alle co RR 6's	56	60
Penn " 5 "	82½	83½
" " coupon	80	81
Tenn 6 pr ct	87	87½
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	102½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	90	97
2d m't'rtgage	93	94
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	75	78½
P G & N RR "	93	93½
Reading RR "	79½	79
" m't	81	85
H & Lan RR "	87	89
Che Val RR "	35	37½
Tioga RR "	75	80
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	86½	87
Long I RR "	85	86
Sch Nav '82 "	66½	67
Lehigh Nav "	92½	93½
" Mort. "	91	92
C & D C'l	72	73
Sus & Tid '78 "	60	61
Union Canal	30½	31
Wil'ms & Elmira 1st m't 7 pr ct	75½	76½
2d " 7 pr ct	63	64
Catawissa "	55	56
North Penna 6 pr ct	58	58½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	109	110
Penna	45½	46
Bea Meadow	54	54½
North Penna	10	11
Phil Ger & Nor	60½	61
Reading	33½	33¾
" preferred	44½	46
Minehill	50	50½
Har & Lan	50	55
Chester Val	4	5
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	29½	—
P W & Balt	21	21½
Long Island	10	11
Wil'sport & Elmira	20	20½
Cattawissa	12	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12½	13
" preferred	22	23
Lehigh Nav	56½	58
Morris	50	51
" preferred	95	98
C & Del	60	70
Union	4	5
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	160
Penna	112½	113
Phila	118	119
Far & Mec	63½	64
Commercial	50	51
N Liberty	56	—
Mechanics	28	29
Southwark	75	80
P Township	37	38
Kensington	68	70
Girard	10½	11
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	—	27
Commerce	60	65
Tradesman's	65	—
City	51	52
Consolidation	27	28
Pittsburg	48	50
M & M Pitts	58	—
Ex'ge Pitts	57	—
Kentucky	114	115
Northern, Ky	113	120
Louisville, Ky.	112	115½
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	105	107½
Plant's, Tenn.	108	109
Com & R Vics	7	7½
N O Gas Lt	130	131

GREAT NEWS FOR HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

The following is from T. H. PETERS, Esq., of the firm of T. H. Peters & Co., Perfumers and Importers of Fancy Goods, No. 252 Chestnut street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1857.

DR. C. M. JACKSON. Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in adding my testimonial to the many you have already as to the merits and success of your celebrated Hoofland Bitters. I had been suffering from dyspepsia for a long time. I was reduced in [illegible] your Bitters, and after taking it a few days found great relief. I now use the [illegible], and can enjoy a good supper with impunity.

As you are aware we have sold large quantities of the Bitters, (Wholesale) and having found them very valuable and much in demand, I have frequently taken the trouble in asking our customers what they [illegible] thought of them. Their answer has been invariably, "we have sold them [illegible] they have always given the best satisfaction, and [illegible] once tried, no other medicine can be sold to the purchaser or his friends." Bearing so much [illegible] I am pleased to say that my experience corroborates all I have heard of them. Respectfully yours,

T. H. PETERS, 252 Chestnut street.

These Bitters are sold at 75 cents per bottle by all druggists and storekeepers in the United States, Canadas and West Indies.

THE SUMMER STAMPEDE.—Our citizens are now making active preparations for starting on their annual visits to the country, and the Springs, the Capes and the Falls will swarm in full blast. Many a dress is lost and worn upon such occasions, and soiled garments need renewal. [illegible] To secure this great desideratum it is only necessary to patronize the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chestnut St., above 6th, Philada.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

A fresh and new stock of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware in every variety, Wholesale and Retail, at greatly Reduced Prices, at the Old Establishment, No. 212 Market Street, above Sixth Street. Old number 2[illegible].

je20-4t WM. BAILEY & SON.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This remedy for Dyspepsia, which astonishes all who have used it, by its instantaneous and almost miraculous effects, has obtained a distinction and popularity beyond any medicine we have ever known.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. [illegible] Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN S. MOORE, to Miss CAROLINE S[illegible], both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. Coleman, D. D., HARVEY GILLIS, of La Crosse, Minnesota Territory, to GEORGINNA H. [illegible], of Philadelphia.

On the 15th of April, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. THOMAS D. [illegible], to Miss MAGGIE SMITH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM H. WALLACE, to MARGARET P. HARMAN, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Jesse Cole, Mr. JOHN R. LOYD, to Miss CAROLINE MATTHEWS, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. R. D. Hall, Mr. CHARLES LAMBERTON, to Miss MARGARET J. HUGHES, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Mahlon, Mr. JOSEPH SIMS, to Miss AMELIA KRAFFT, both of this city.

On the 2nd of March, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JAMES B. STOCKMAN, to Miss MARGARET A., daughter of Solomon Jenney, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. B. Curtis, Mr. CHARLES ILLINGS, formerly of St. Martin, West Indies, to REBECCA R., daughter of Joseph M. Pedersen, Esq., of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the afternoon of the 18th instant, after a lingering illness, SARAH ANN JUSTIS, in her 48th year. Cleveland, Ohio papers please copy.

Suddenly, on the 11th instant, JOSEPH WOODWARD, of Ocean county, N. J., in his 29th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BARRETT, aged 41 years.

On the 15th instant, GIDEON BLACK, aged 45 years.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE HAYES.

On the 15th instant, Mr. JAMES MOLLOY, aged 32 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN W., son of John F. and Ann G. Seidel, aged 17 years.

On the 15th instant, ELLEN PETERS, aged 30 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. REBECCA ANN, wife of Geo. C. Shepherd, aged 33 years.

On the 20th instant, JAMES FRAZER, aged 77 years.

On the 16th instant, JAMES C. BREWSTER, aged 26 years.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE POWELL, aged 48 years.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH COOKE, aged 65 years.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Richard Alton, aged 54 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. HIRAM ELLIS, aged 56 years.

On the 12th instant, ISAAC W. BLAKE, aged 3 years.

On the 12th instant, JAMES DUNAHOO, aged 2½ years.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM J. MILLER, aged 78.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARGARET WISER, aged 58.

TO BOOK AGENTS, CANVASSERS, AND OTHERS.—Now publishing, (by subscription only,)

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

Complete in 20 parts, at 25 cents each, illustrated with TWO HUNDRED highly finished Steel, elegantly colored, and other Engravings.

W. P. HAZARD, Publisher, Phila.
J. L. WHITE, General Agent, 724 Chestnut St., Phila.

☞ As this is unquestionably the most valuable NATIONAL WORK ever published, and will be sold exclusively by Agents, immediate application is requested.

MOORE & WATERHOUSE,
MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS,
ARCH STREET, WEST OF 18th,
PHILADELPHIA. je27-26t

☞ $2,000 TO $3,000 A YEAR CLEARED by our Agents. For particulars, enclose stamp, to Cincinnati Medical Institute, No. 86 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio. 1t

"KNOW THYSELF."—A MIRROR OF THE MIND.—YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR LIKENESS. For particulars, send a 3 cent stamp to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. je20-4t

$2.000 AGENTS WANTED, either LADIES or GENTLEMEN, in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a genteel business by which they can make from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. For particulars, address, enclosing 1 stamp,

1t F. A. DEWEY & CO., Box 151 Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Please to Read this. Agents Wanted! Extra inducements for 1857.

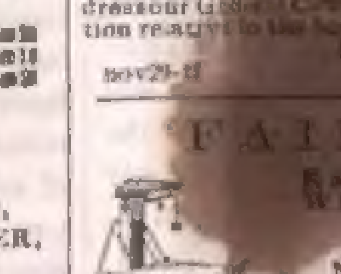
All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable. Please send a letter of inquiry with us, and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of terms, and full information in regard to the business.

nov29-tf ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

FAIRBANKS'



Railroad Track, Hay, Coal, Wheelbarrow, Platform and Counter Scales.

No Merchant or Manufacturer who buys or sells by weight should be without one or more of Fairbanks' Scales, as they are the only really reliable weighing machines that have ever been offered to the public. For sale by

FAIRBANKS & CO., 189 Broadway, New York.
FAIRBANKS & EWING, Masonic Hall, Chestnut St., Philada.

☞ Pamphlets containing cuts and descriptions of our various modifications of Scales, furnished on application by mail or otherwise. ja30-tf

A YOUNG LADY OF 19, whose hair had been gradually turning gray since the age of 13, recently discovered in the dissection of a common plant, a remedy that has permanently restored her hair to its former color. She will impart this valuable secret to any person on receipt of 15 red postage stamps, without further view of gain, other than the satisfaction of benefiting those who have been similarly unfortunate. Address Miss ARABELLA MORSE, South Boston, Mass. 1t

WALL PAPER WAREHOUSE.
BURTON & LANING,
MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS,
124 ARCH STREET, 2d Door Above 6th, Phila.

Where may be found the largest and handsomest assortment in the city.

☞ Purchasers from the country will find it to their advantage to call at our store, where they will be suited with superior articles at the lowest prices.

sep5-tf BURTON & LANING.

WM. D. ROGERS.
COACH AND LIGHT CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Corner of Sixth and Master Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Carriages of every description built to order, and for sale, combining durability, style and elegance of finish. sep22-ly

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS
IN A MILD CLIMATE AND A HEALTHY PLACE.

FARMS FOR SALE
IN CAMDEN, BURLINGTON AND ATLANTIC COUNTIES,
25 MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA,
ON THE CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, NEW JERSEY.

A large tract divided into small Farms to suit the actual settler, and *all persons desiring a Farm. ORIGINAL PLAN.*—The *soil* is of the best quality and very *productive*. It is being extensively improved by good *turnpikes*. Houses are already built. It lies directly upon the Railroad, and near the largest *market* for produce, and adjacent to the largest population in the Union. The Farms are made payable in easy instalments of five dollars per month and upwards. The terms are made easy to insure its rapid improvement and enhancement in value. The price of the land is from $12 to $20 per acre, payable in this way, within a term of 4 years, with interest. The improvements are being extensively carried on. It is a scene of the vastest improvements out of Philadelphia. Practical farmers from the length and breadth of the Middle and New England States are settling and clearing Farms. It is an important business place on account of its being in the midst of a great market.

Ten thousand acres have been laid out, upon which persons can improve and locate at once, and receive a *deed* for the Farms they buy.

The soil is a fine rich *loam*, with a *clay bottom*, and *retentive of manure*. It is free of stones and easily worked. It abounds largely in the phosphates, and such is its fertility, that from the crops produced, both upon this land and the large area adjoining, under cultivation, it will be found not to be excelled anywhere in the production of crops most adapted to its market, such as Corn, Potatoes, Oats, Wheat, all kinds of Vegetables and Fruits generally, particularly for trucking, both on account of the nature of the soil and its being directly in the Philadelphia market. At Hammonton the Corn crop has averaged 80 bushels to the acre, and the other crops named in proportion. It also abounds with the *best quality of muck manure*. It is directly upon the borders of the great agricultural district which supplies the New York and Philadelphia markets, embracing a population of several millions, and where, as may be ascertained from the census reports, farms are the most valuable of any in the Union. All in this neighborhood are exceedingly productive and profitable. Some of this land is now under cultivation. Land can be procured *already cleared or partly cleared*, also under cultivation. Houses are already built and for sale, which will answer the temporary wants of the settler.

This location is perfectly healthy; the fever and ague is unknown. The water is of the best quality, being soft and perfectly pure.

The division of 10,000 acres immediately adjoins the town of Hammonton. Some is under cultivation—several thousand acres have been cleared for farms; purchasers are now extensively improving; it can at once be placed in a state of productiveness; it is covered by fine streams of the best water; it is being opened by a number of turnpike roads and avenues leading into the town. Everything is on hand to supply settlers—steam and water power saw mills are in operation. Lumber can be had at a cheap price. A good house can be built for from $300 to $500. A brick yard is about to be established, and a lateral railroad, three-fourths of a mile in length, is under contract, to supply Hammonton with stone from the adjacent quarries. Stores, workshops, &c., are already being opened. A number of dwellings are already built; also a *church, school-house, &c.* It is *intended* to expend a *hundred thousand dollars* more in improvements, such as buildings, turnpike roads, &c.

The situation of the place is picturesque and *beautiful*. It is on the borders of Lake Hammonton, and is laid out in walks and groves. A beautiful Oak Park along the shores of the lake is intended to be reserved for public use. Hammonton has been laid out into Town Lots, the cost of which is from $40 to $100.

Arrangements can at once be made to have houses built, and farms cleared in order by persons at Hammonton.

In settling here the emigrant has many advantages. He is within a *few hours'* ride of the great *cities* in the *Middle States* and *New England*. He is near his old friends and associations. He is in a *settled* country, where every improvement and comfort of civilization is at hand. He is in a *healthy* place, and is not subject to the certainty of losing the greater part of his family, and his own health, by those malignant fevers, which make the graves of so many millions of the young and hardy, in far-off regions, away from home and friends. Besides he has a mild climate, and an open winter.

This presents a rare opportunity to the industrious—it enables those who wish to better their condition to become independent. It will soon be taken up, and, owing to its rapid improvements, it will greatly enhance in value. This would all have been settled before, had it not been held in the hands of large proprietors, who could not, until recently, dispose of it in a manner to suit the farmer and actual settler. The investment enables a man to provide for himself and family—in a manner which is safe and certain—against the contingencies of business, and misfortunes of life.

The terms are such as to enable any man, at a small saving, at less than the cost of ordinary trifles, to make a purchase.

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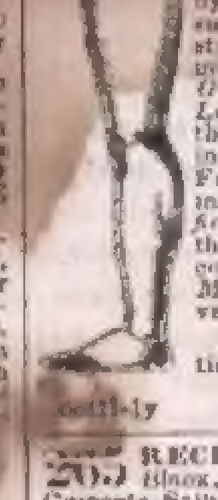

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Wit and Humor.

ANOTHER HARD SHELL SERMON.

The following, together with the well-known sermon on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," is published in England as a veritable specimen of the pulpit oratory of the Backwoods of the United States.

"Beloved breethring, I'm the man what preached the sarmon which has been printed in the papers, from the tex, 'And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperrits uv just men made perfeck.' I mout as well say I don't take pride in things uv that sort, for in the language uv my tex for tu day, I'm an orful sinner—the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly. Them is the words which you'll find in Genesee. I'm gwine to preach without notes, 'kase I can't rite, and 'kase I couldn't read it ef I could. My notes are bank notes, uv which I have a pocket full, and notes of hand, which I shall give to our squire tu collect, when I gets back tu Indianny, fur—I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"This tex, my breethring, can be divided into three pieces—fust—second—third. Fust—I'm an orful sinner. That means you individully, not me personally. Thar ar more sins nor one. It's a sin tu drink water, and catch the ague, whar a little sporrit will keep you in good health—'tis a sin to steal, unless you 'steal awhile away'—'tis a sin to swear, unless you swear and sin not—'tis a sin to lie, unless you lie low and keep dark. Pride is sin. Sum is proud of their books; now I ain't, though I've the gift and the grit to speak in. Sum is proud of their larnin'; thank God I've none to be proud of—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"Second. 'Chief among ten thousand.' Thar is different kinds of chiefs. Thar's the mischief, the chief sinners, and the Cayuga Chief. The mischief means the Old Boy, what keeps the fire office below, and lets poor folks in the cold here on airth. The chief of sinners means you, you wharf-rats, arter de melons, amfiebus animals, what live here about the canawl. Look at them ere hosses rise up in judgment again you, high uv bone, low uv flesh, tuff hides, and short memories; hear the crows cawing, fur they know that war the canawl is thar will the crows be gathered. The Cayuga Chief is a feller what pitches into my frens the sperit-dealers, and my other frens the State Prison officers. He is uv your cold water men who goes for the prohibition law what Gouverner Seymour vetoed. If twarnt Sunday I should hooray for Seymour—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"Thurdly. 'Altogether luvly.' Different things is luvly. When my boat swims like a duck, I say she am luvly—when my wife gives me no curtain lectures, (she has the gift of tongue as well as myself,) I say she am luvly—when the wind don't blow, and it don't rain, and it don't nothin, I say the day am luvly, fur I am the chief among ten thousand, and one altergether luvly.

"In conclusion, breethring, if that big pile uv stuns was one stun what a big stun it would be, ef you my breethring were one bruther, what a big bruther you'd be, and ef my big bruther should fling that big stun into the canawl, what a great big splash that would make—fur I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"My breethring, I want to give you notice there will be some carryings on at this place next Sunday afternoon, at half-past four, when I shall prove the doctrin that uv all the shells in the world the hard shells are the thickest and the best—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

"I shall prove that book larnin ain't uv no use, my breethring, that writin sermons and getting a celery for um is a sin that deserves indemnification—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and one altergether luvly.

"Breethring, let us liquor, and then go hum, remembering the words of the profit. 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

BUTTERING HER HEELS.—Mrs. Smith, an English lady, and Margaret, the kitchen maid.

Mrs. S.—Margaret.

M.—Marm.

Mrs. S.—As it is Friday to-day, and Mr. Smith and myself are to dine out, you'd better stop the fish man and get some fresh fish for your dinner.

M.—Yes, marm, I'll get some nice eels and fry 'em.

Mrs. S.—Margaret, you may make some toast for tea, if you like; here is some fresh butter, that you may put on your h'eels if you like.

M.—Thank ye, Mrs. Smith, much obliged to ye.

After the lapse of an hour or so, Mrs. Smith gets ready to go, and calls on Margaret to lock the door.

Mrs. S.—Margaret.

M.—Yes, marm, in a few minutes.

Mrs. S.—Margaret! (Impatiently.)

Margaret hurries up stairs on her bare feet, with her stockings in her hand, and is thus accosted by her mistress: "What on earth are you doing with your stockings off at this time of day?"

M.—Why, marm, you told me to butter my heels, and I've bin doin it.

Mrs. S.—Oh, dear me, how stupid these Hirish h'are.

JUVENILE WIT.—An old physician was dilating in our hearing the other day, upon the propensity which a majority of people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he—

"There is not a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe."

"I know one thing that ain't so good when it's ripe as when green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential but modest manner.

"What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy.

"A cucumber!" responded the lad.

The doctor winked at us with both eyes, but said nothing.

THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY.

The reader may discover by the following extract, that it would be possible to write a technically grammatical sentence which would be almost unintelligible. The words below can all be found in the dictionary, and all are grammatically used; and yet the thing is as hopelessly dark as if written in Cherokee. It is an amusing illustration of the fact that one may write English, or speak it, and still use an unknown tongue. The latter purports to be a note from an author to a critic:

"*Sir:* You have behaved like an impetiginous scroyle! Like those inquinate crass sciolists who, envious of my moral celsitude, carry their nugacity to the height of creating symposically the facund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to abligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not concervate reproaches—I would obduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamfered even my undiscerptible heart. I am silent on the foscillation which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fautor and adminicle.

"I will not speak of the lippitude, the ablepsy, you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you, sir, syncophically, and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would vellicate your nose, if I thought that any moral diathrosis could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impignorate my reputation by such a digladiation.

"Go! tachygraphic scroyle, band with your crass, inquinate fautors—draw obliectations from the thought, if you can, of having synachronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

"Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish you no worse than it may prove an eternal hypnotic."

For an entire solution of the above highly interesting missive, the anxious reader is invited to amuse himself an hour or two with Walker's or Webster's unabridged.

CHIEF JUSTICE ELLENBOROUGH'S JOKES.—A witness dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination—"What he was?" *Witness.*—"I employ myself as a surgeon." *Lord Ellenborough, C. J.*—"But does any one else *employ you as a surgeon?*"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by *dangerous eloquence.*" *Lord Ellenborough, C. J.*, (in a very mild tone.)—"My impartiality as a Judge, calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed—"Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

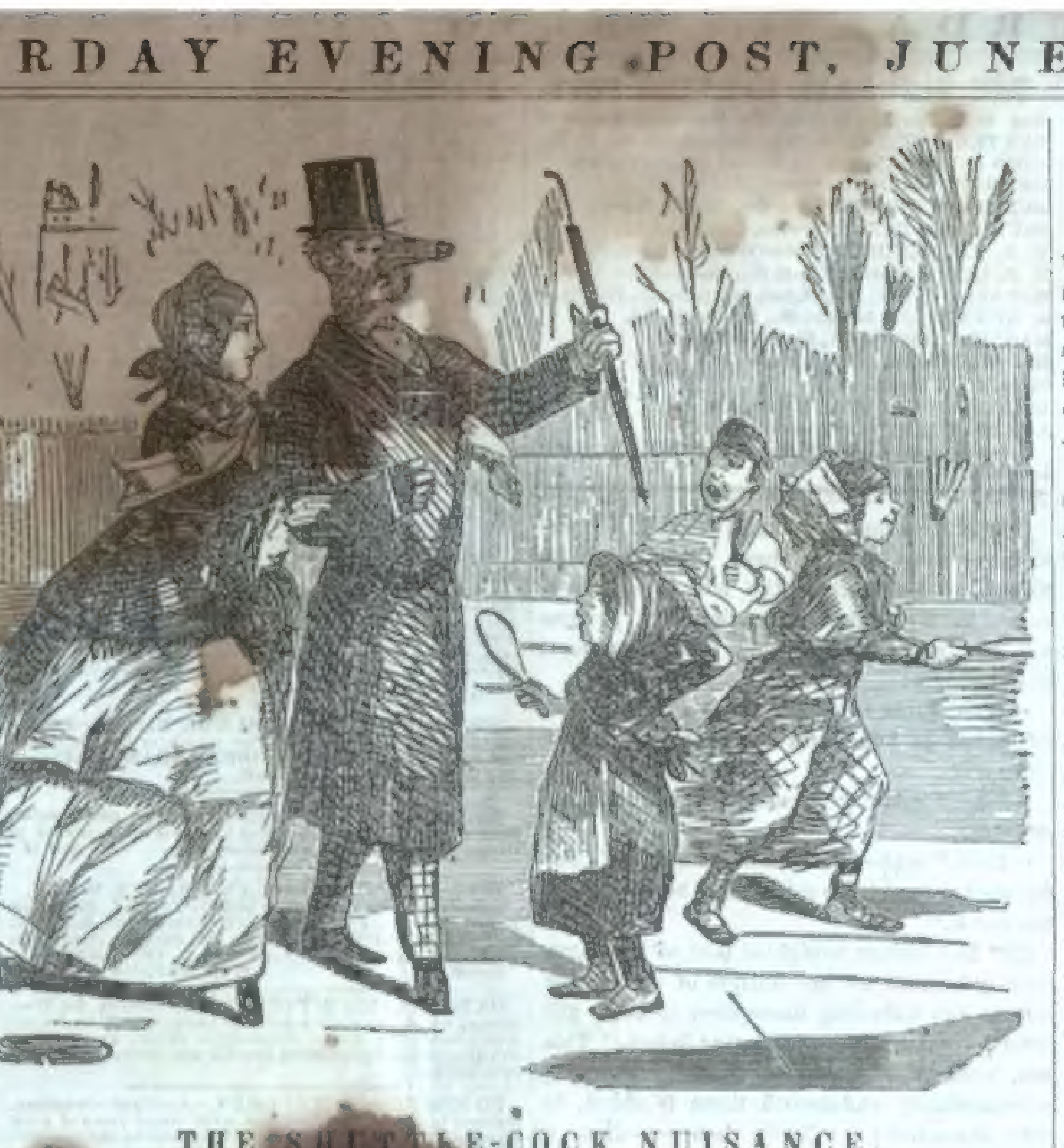
At the coming in of the "Talents" in 1806, Erskine himself pressed the Great Seal upon Ellenborough, saying, that "he would add to the splendor of his reputation as Lord Chancellor." Ellenborough knowing that on his own refusal, Erskine was to be the man, exclaimed, "How can you ask me to accept the office of Lord Chancellor, when I know as little of its duties as you do!"

MUNCHAUSEN ABROAD.—"When I lived up in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we did faith, and I held that plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. It e'enamost killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done so, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tare my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest. It had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was, "I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders."

"Powerful hard!"

THE FOLLIES THAT DIVIDE US.—When I recall the stories of my friends, I could tell you volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him and two hearts were broken. Why? Because it is thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America rather than from the fibres of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant—she was a Catholic. Mothers and priests disagreed and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, three centuries before, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Henry the Eighth, played a political game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was noble—she was plebeian. The sisters were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honor, and his great-grandson atones, with a blighted life, for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, says the collector of statistics, some heart is broken; and I believe it.—*Fraser's Mag.*



THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl.—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!—It was the wind as done it!"

Agricultural.

WATERING PLANTS.

Last week we went into a garden in the neighborhood of London between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and to our great surprise found all the flower-beds had been plentifully watered with an engine. We could hardly believe our eyes; but we soon discovered that it was a favorite whim of the lady of the establishment, to lay the dust, as she said, and make the plants look fresher—there being no dust to hurt anything, and the latter object having been fully secured by a plentiful dew. This instance of unnecessary, if not pernicious, labor, reminded us that many amateur gardeners are very ignorant of the first principles of horticulture; and, among others, of the right use of water. We may select two gardens almost anywhere which will illustrate what we mean; for while the owner of one is always draining his cisterns and tiring himself to water his garden, it really looks worse than that of his neighbor, who scarcely waters at all.

There are always lessons plainly taught to the observer of nature on all subjects of practical use to man, and this subject of watering among the rest. The farmer sows ten acres of turnips or of clover, both small seeds, roll them in, and leaves them to Providence. They come up and are watered by the dews of heaven and by the occasional rains, and, as a rule, they flourish and accomplish the purpose for which they are deposited in the soil. Often droughts occur, and the young plants seem ready to perish, and we wonder by what marvellous contrivance they are able to derive from the dusty clods in which they grow moisture sufficient to keep them in being. But they do grow, nevertheless, although no water-pot or garden-engine ever approaches their *habitats*. Now the lesson taught to gardeners by these natural operations on a large scale is this—that God has made provision in the broad expanse of nature for the smallest seed and the tenderest plant, so that in ordinary years they shall germinate and produce boughs and fruit. Let us then take the admonition, and believe that water-pots and engines are only intended for extraordinary and artificial arrangements in the culture of the ground, but that, generally, the soil and the surrounding air will give to the most delicate seedling all the moisture it needs.

We have mentioned artificial arrangements, and this brings us to the object of the present paper. Gardening is, to a great extent, a matter of art, and therefore its operations allow of some deviation from the mode of doing things which goes on in nature on a large scale. A crop may require to be hastened, and water may be necessary; in gardens transplanting is constantly had recourse to, and a plant removed from its original soil to another will need a larger supply of moisture than before, until it makes new roots. Then there is the pot-culture of flowers and fruits, and a growth produced under glass in pits, as cucumbers and melons. As these are so many deviations from the ordinary course of nature, water must be applied in such cases, with art and judgment, as individual plants may need it. But vegetation in its natural state in the open air is seldom benefited by artificial watering, for the reasons given by Dr. Lindley, in his "Theory and Practice of Horticulture," (1855), p. 171. He says:—

More commonly recourse is had to the operation of simple watering, for the purpose of maintaining the earth at a due state of humidity, and to render plants more vigorous than they otherwise would be; an indispensable operation in hothouses, but of less moment in the open air. It is, indeed, doubtful whether in the latter case it is not often more productive of disadvantage than of real service to plants. When plants are watered naturally, the whole air is saturated with humidity at the same time as the soil is penetrated by the rain; and, in this case, the aqueous particles mingled with the earth are very gradually introduced into the circulating system, for the moisture of the air prevents a rapid perspiration. Not so when plants in the open air are artificially watered. This operation is usually performed in hot, dry weather, and must necessarily be limited in its effects; it can have little, if any, influence upon the atmosphere. Then the parched air robs the leaves rapidly of their moisture, so long as the latter is abundant; the roots are suddenly and violently excited, and, after a short time, the exciting cause is withdrawn by the momentary supply of water being cut off by evaporation, and by filtration through the bibulous substances of which soil usually consists. Then, again, the rapid evaporation from the soil in dry weather has the effect of lowering the temperature of the earth, and this has been before shown to be injurious; such a lowering, from such a cause, does not take place when plants are refreshed by showers, because at that time the dampness of the air prevents evaporation from the soil, just as it prevents perspiration from the leaves. Moreover, in stiff soils the dashing of water upon the surface has, after a little while, the effect of "puddling" the ground and rendering it impervious, so that the descent of water to the roots is impeded, whether it is given artificially or by the fall of rain.

If these observations are carefully digested, they will cause our readers to abstain from the waste of labor in watering their gardens. On another occasion we shall return to the positive part of the subject.—*London Field.*

ANIMALS SOMETIMES GET TOO MUCH SALT.

Necessary as salt is to the healthy condition of most animals on a farm, and though there are probably more who give too little than there are who give too much of this article to their stock, yet there are times, and seasons, and conditions of an animal when salt is administered in too large quantities. A brief indication of some of the occasions when animals get more salt than is good for them may be of service to some, who may never have had their attention directed to the mode in which this substance operates.

1. Animals sometimes get too much salt in consequence of having been too long deprived of it, and then having access to it in too large quantities. Disease, and even death has resulted from this cause. Cases of this kind have been put upon record, and may have come in this way or otherwise to the knowledge of the reader. The mode of preventing such mishaps consists in keeping salt, with the addition of leached ashes, a little sulphur, perhaps, within reach of stock at all times, or in feeding it more frequently, or in giving it in small quantities after long abstinence.

2. Another occasion when salt is given in too large or improper doses is when animals are first turned out to grass. As scouring is a natural and common consequence of making this change it only aggravates the matter to give them salt in liberal doses. Dry hay, or bran or meal in a dry state, with *a very small dose of salt*, would be a better corrective; while making such a change slowly and gradually, not suddenly, would be the proper preventive.

3. Some give salt to their milch cows when feeding them on turnips, in order to correct the peculiar taste which they are apt to communicate to the milk and butter. Now, if the turnips are given in such quantities as to produce more or less scouring, the administration of salt will only aggravate the evil, and diminish the secretion of milk. Indeed, according to the authority of Stephens, in his Farmer's Guide, it is the large amount of common salt in turnips, as also in mangel wurtzels, which causes cows fed exclusively upon them to fall off in milk.

4. It is the opinion of some at least, that stock put up to fatten will lay on fat much faster without salt than with it. This fact, if fact it be, is attempted to be accounted for by theorizing in this way. Salt increases the secretion of the bile, and, as bile is composed of fat, oil, gum, and other carbonaceous matters, all of those which are carried off in an excess of bile are just so much taken from the materials from which the fatty parts of the animals are built up. In a word, it is supposed that *the more bile* an animal secretes and passes out of his system, *the less fat* it will produce. When the secretion of bile is so great as to produce scouring, fat will not be produced of course; but if salt comes short of this result, are there facts sufficient to support the above theory?—*Country Gentl man.*

CUCUMBER BUGS.—Dr. Heckerman writes:—Most gardeners are very much annoyed by these bugs, which prey alike upon the cucumber, melon, pumpkin and squash—the latter being its favorite. Various plans have been devised for their protection, such as soot, &c. A method which I have practised with nearly entire success, is to form a mixture of equal parts of finely ground black pepper and wheat flour, and dust the plants, while the dew is upon them, with this mixture, using an ordinary flour or pepper-box. It is a fact generally known, that black pepper is so obnoxious to most insects, that few will approach or stay in its presence. The object of the flour is to combine with the pepper, and with the water or dew to form a paste, which will adhere to the leaves for many days unless washed off by heavy rains; in which case the application should be renewed.

ARABIAN MODE FOR TAMING HORSES.

The horse castor is a wart or excresence which grows on every horse's fore-legs and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar, rank, musty smell, and is easily pulled off. The ammoniacal effluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a very great attraction for all animals—especially canine, and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin, the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn towards it.

The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

The direction given for taming horses are as follows:

Procure some horse castor and grate fine. Also get some oil of rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles.

Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your hands, and approach the horse on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him without any trouble.

Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it.

You can then lead him anywhere.

Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar, apple, or potato.

Put nine drops of the oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the fore-finger stopping the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse.

As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearlessly and promptly, with your knees pressed to the horse's side, and your toes turned in and heels out; then you will be always on the alert from a shy or sheer from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then, if you want to teach him to lie down, stand on his right or left side; have a couple of leather straps, about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you're ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time, gently, firmly, and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the straps.

He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him any thing, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself, shelter him well, groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let him stand out a long time in the cold, without shelter or covering; for remember that the horse is a native of a warm climate, and in many respects, his constitution is as tender as a man's.

TO DESTROY GOPHERS.—The California Farmer says:—"The following remedy will be found effectual for removing not only gophers, but squirrels, snakes, owls, or any reptile that burrows in the earth. Prepare strips of pine wood, about the size of the finger, and six inches long, then take rosin and melt the same; dip the point of the stick into the melted rosin, about 2½ inches, and let the rosin be rolled round the point of the stick—perhaps two coats of the rosin; then take of powdered sulphur (flower of sulphur) and roll the dipped end in the sulphur till it is well coated; then again dip it into the melted rosin, and again in the sulphur, and give a last coat of rosin, making four coats of rosin, and two of sulphur, to the thickness, on the stick, of one half to three-quarters of an inch; prepare as many sticks as there are gopher holes, and take them to the place; insert the stick a little distance in the hole and light it; then cover the hole with a sod, or earth, not to put out the light, and leave the remedy to work a cure. The match will burn freely, although the hole is closed, and will speedily generate sulphuric acid gas, which is and must be certain death to all that breathes below the surface, within reach of its power, and it will perforate every nook and corner of earth where there is a pore, working downward as well as upward; thus, at once, relieving our industrious farmers of the severest trials they have to encounter. We trust to hear good results; if so, we shall rejoice."

REMEDY FOR CHERRY SLUG.—The cherry slug, or snail, makes sad havoc on our cherry trees in this vicinity. I have previously found lime effectual in destroying them. Last summer I tried dry dust, taken from the ground near the tree: with a shovel make it fine, or you may scrape it from the highway, when it is dry and dusty. Apply profusely, that none of the slugs escape a good covering, and my word for it, they will be minus equally as well as if you had used lime. Renew the application as often as necessary.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A NEW MODE TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS, as practised in portions of the New-England States, is by the use of *fire-crackers!* The way is to place one on the end of a split pole, thrust it into the nest, and knock them all to flinders. It will take sometimes two or three crackers to demolish a large nest, though for small collections a single explosion is sufficient. The boys don't consider this work, but go at it with a gusto.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—I am no musician, and want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond all other influences; extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me pleasure which I have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer it to heaven; and I suspect the Christian under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality.—*Channing.*

☞ Ridicule has shafts, and impertinence has arrows, which, though against innocence they may be levelled in vain, have always the power of wounding tranquillity.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 4, 16, 10, 6, was an English poet of some note.

My 5, 15, 8, 10, 12, 11, was a King of Spain, who fed his oxen with human flesh, and was, therefore killed by Hercules.

My 13, 3, 16, 4, 6, 14, was an eminent English poet whose plays, poems and translations are universally known and admired.

My 15, 1, 1, 8, 9, 16, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and a member of Congress from Rhode Island.

My 6, 14, 16, 7, was a title of Bellona.

My 5, 11, 6, 10, 11, 15, was an American general.

My 2, 9, 12, 10, 16, was an officer in the American Army during the Revolution, and afterwards Brigadier-General in the service of the United States.

My whole was an English Admiral. CINROS.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 27, 20, is an irregular verb.

My 3, 23, 9, 20, is one of the parts of speech.

My 17, 10, 23, 17, 22, 11, is one of the classes of nouns.

My 12, 18, 14, 19, 21, 1, 6, is one of the parts of speech.

My 21, 30, 31, 4, 19, 20, 33, 5, is a class of numeral adjectives.

My 8, 27, 35, 21, 9, 5, 19, 20, 22, is one of the genders.

My 17, 31, 16, 17, 23, 35, 2, 14, 22, 23, 31, is one of the parts of speech.

My 14, 15, 23, 9, is a personal pronoun.

My 28, 7, 25, 6, 5, 24, is a compound personal pronoun.

My 17, 20, 23, 34, 23, 9, 20, is one of the parts of speech.

My 23, 26, 14, 15, 23, 23, 26, 27, 17, 15, 12, is one of the four grand divisions of Grammar.

My whole was a distinguished English grammarian. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 20, 23, 6, 22, 3, is a color.

My 3, 28, 4, is a part of man.

My 12, 28, 1, is a domestic animal.

My 9, 28, 26, 7, is a kind of grain.

My 29, 13, 5, 12, 2, is a kind of wood.

My 4, 21, 18, 16, is good to eat.

My 7, 17, 24, 20, is very cold.

My 18, 19, 14, 27, 28, 31, is handy in winter.

My 30, 11, 10, 8, are used on farms.

My 2, 25, 21, is to live in.

My 15, 5, 17, is a kind of wood.

My whole is a maxim, which all literary men find to be true. T. B. K.

Lykins, Crawford Co., Ohio.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I traverse the coast
Of each ocean and bay,
I'm born of the deep
And appear once a-day.

I'm found on some rivers,
And often impede
The course of their waters,
Then quickly recede.

I'm as old as the hills
Which creation gave birth,
And well might be termed
The pulse of the earth.

With patience the mariner
Stands at the quay,
Or trims his proud vessel
When waiting for me.

Waupun, Wis. FLORIDA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's oft seen in forest green,
Or in the farmer's field;
But where the soil is thin and poor,
Large crops it will not yield.

My second's very often used,
Either as a noun or verb;
A plant 'twill surely bring to mind,
Of which, no doubt, you've heard.

Three letters do compose my third,
And if they're rightly joined,
A useful prefix they will make,
This you can surely find.

My whole in summer you'll chance to see—
When in my first you're walking;
Perhaps, if it should meet your eye,
About it you'd be talking.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first with an engine does grind,
On the hills my second you'll find.
My whole's in my first—reader kind.

Venango Co., Pa. A. MARTIN.

ANAGRAMS.

ON CITIES AND TOWNS IN THE UNIT STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Hill had a pipe.
2. Saw nothing.
3. Soh not.
4. Work! Nye.
5. Boil me.
6. Dan level C.
7. Sort o' thump.
8. Mad spot.
9. Can not.
10. Red to it.

New York. ROLLA.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer had a square meadow—he went to work mowing the same. He mowed 11 times around the outside, his swaths 6 feet wide, when he found that he had mowed just seven-sixteenths of his meadow. How much ground did it contain? H. SILL.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What bay puts you in mind of a large bird Ans.—Buzzard's Bay.

☞ If you were standing by Ellen, contemplating Niagara Falls, and wished to call her attention to the same, what animal would you be likely to mention? Ans.—Gazelle (gaze Ell.)

☞ Why is the author's name like a certain grating bird? Ans.—Because it is A. Martin.

☞ Why is a peg in a new boot like a pang conscience? Ans.—Because it is apt to pierce the so

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Vulcan the Subterraneous Fire. GEOGRAPHICAL ACR CAL ENIGMA.—The Philosopher Socrates. CELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Wine is a moc strong drink is raging, and whosoever is decei thereby is not wise. CHARADE.—Bastinado, (Baste-in-a-doe.) CHARADE.—Campbell. RIDDLE.—Acre. ANAGRAMS.—1. Medina; 2. Mahaska; Castine; 4. Wendell; 5. Mendon; 6. Burlington Ringoes; 8. Howell; 9. Barnwell; 10. Garde Cedar; 12. Fairlee; 13. Monroe; 14. Furnace; Glade; 16. Taunton. MATHEMATICAL PR LEM.—13.151 inches.

THE SPHERES OF THE SEXES.—All ci stances well examined, there can be no Providence has willed that man should be head of the human race, even as woman heart; that he should be its strength, as its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as is its grace; that he should be its mind, its petus, and its courage, as she is its sentime its charm, and its consolation.—*Sir T. Fow Buxton.*